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Lyrics from the Wide, Wide World.

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Mus 688.5.671 *

Poetry,
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—
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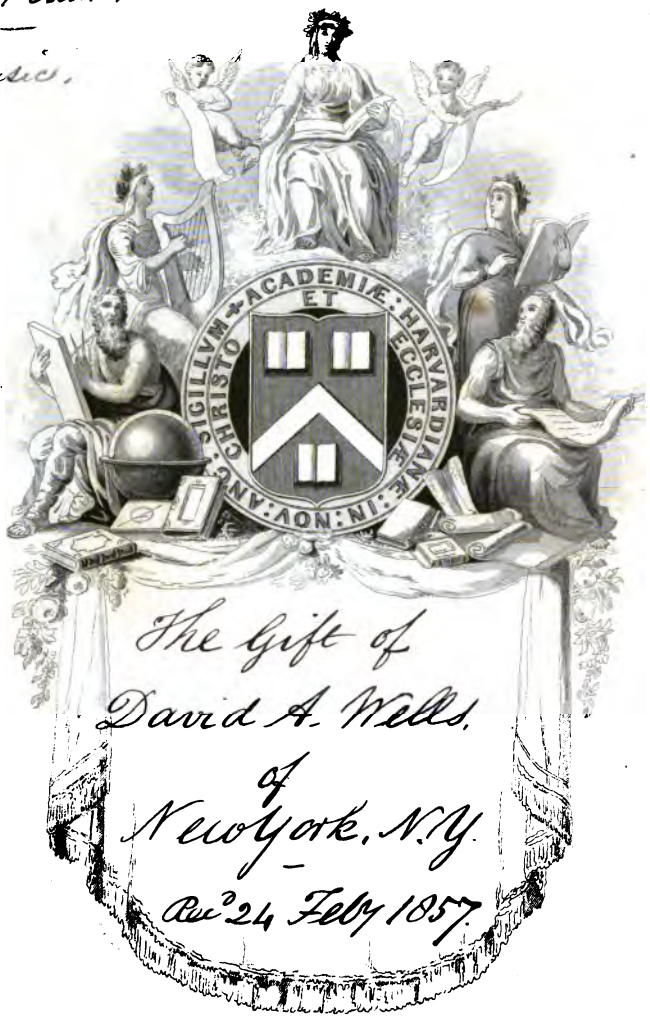

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Lyrics

from

"The Wide, Wide World."

By Miss Warner

The Words by W. H. Bellamy.

The Music by C. W. Glover.

New York:
G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 PARK PLACE.
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1857. Feb. 24.
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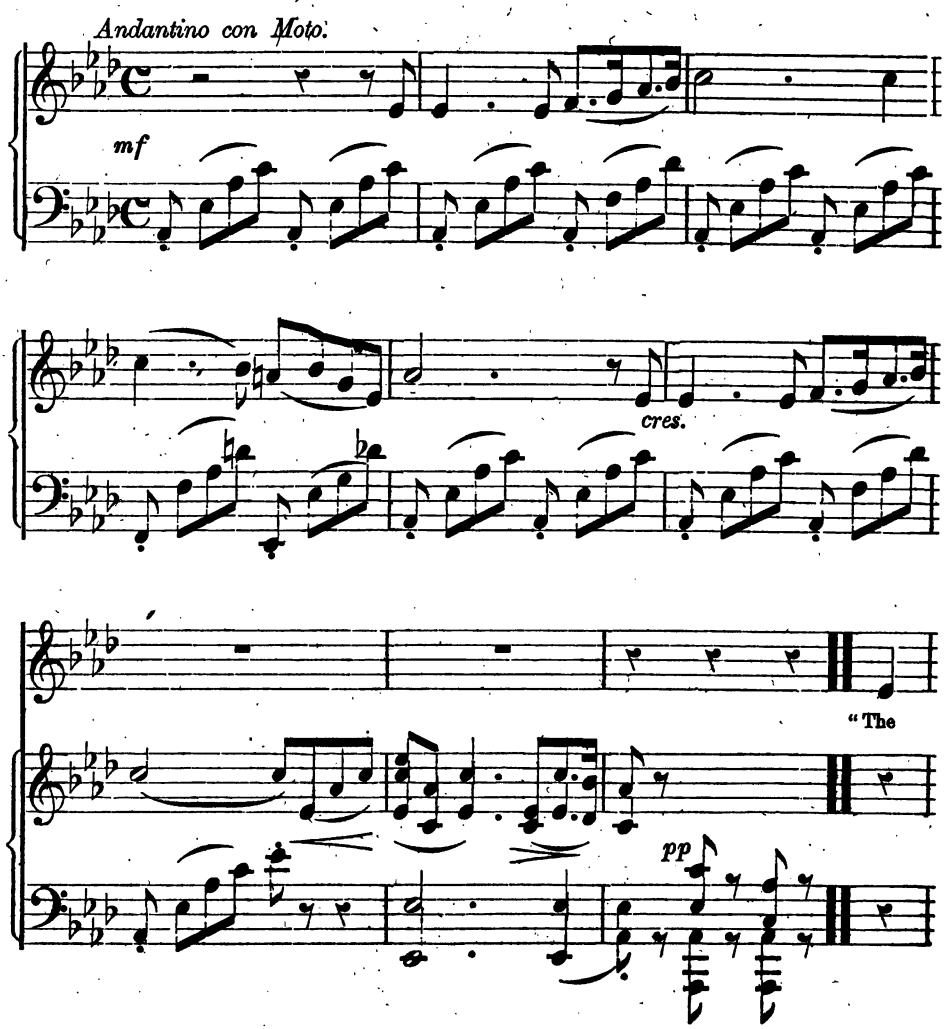
The Home where Changes never Come.

"We have no continuing city here," answered her mother, with a sigh. "But there is a home where changes do not come; and they that once are gathered there are parted no more for ever, and all tears are wiped from their eyes."

Chapter IV.

Written by W. H. Bellamy. **The Music by C. W. Glover.**



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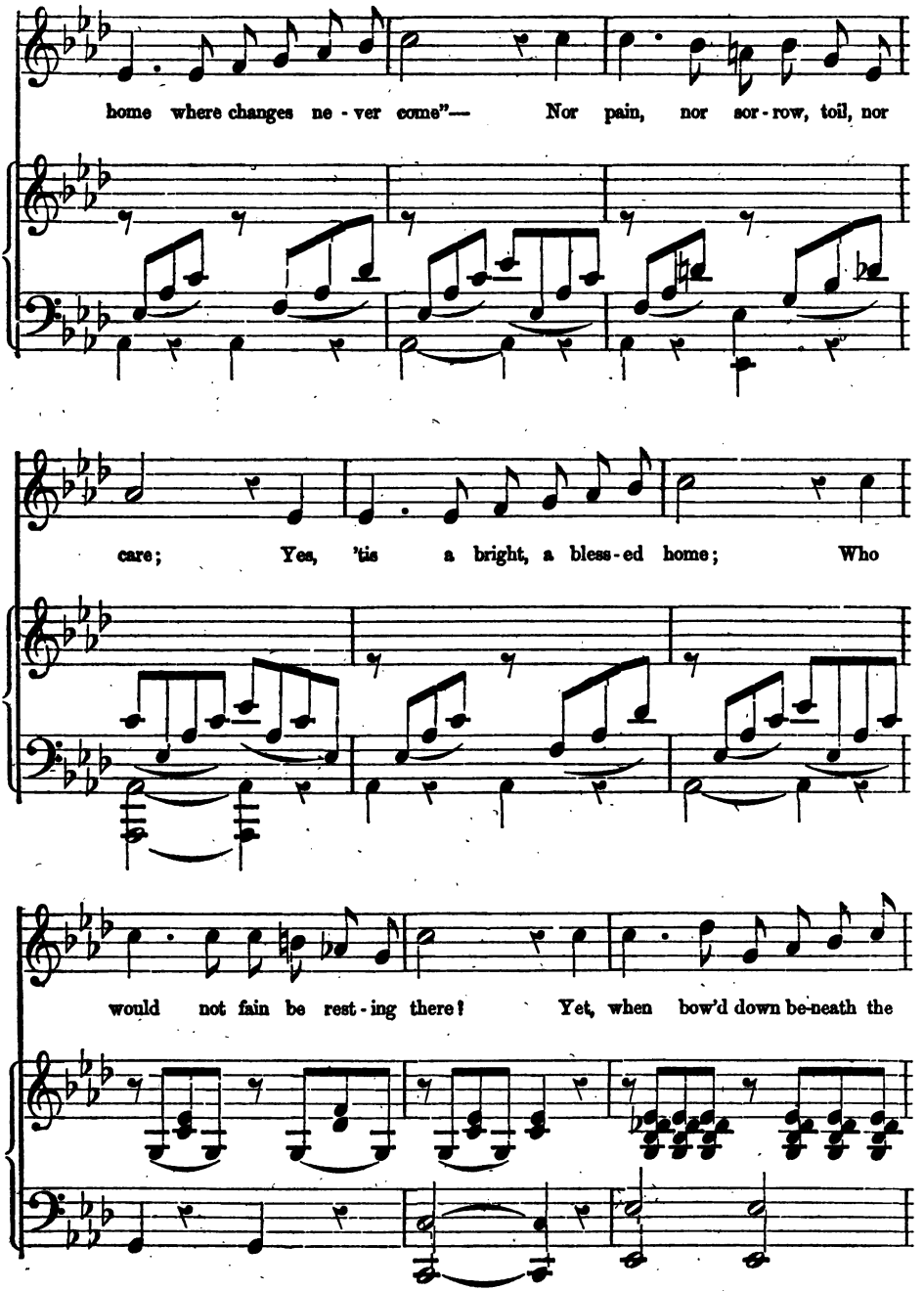

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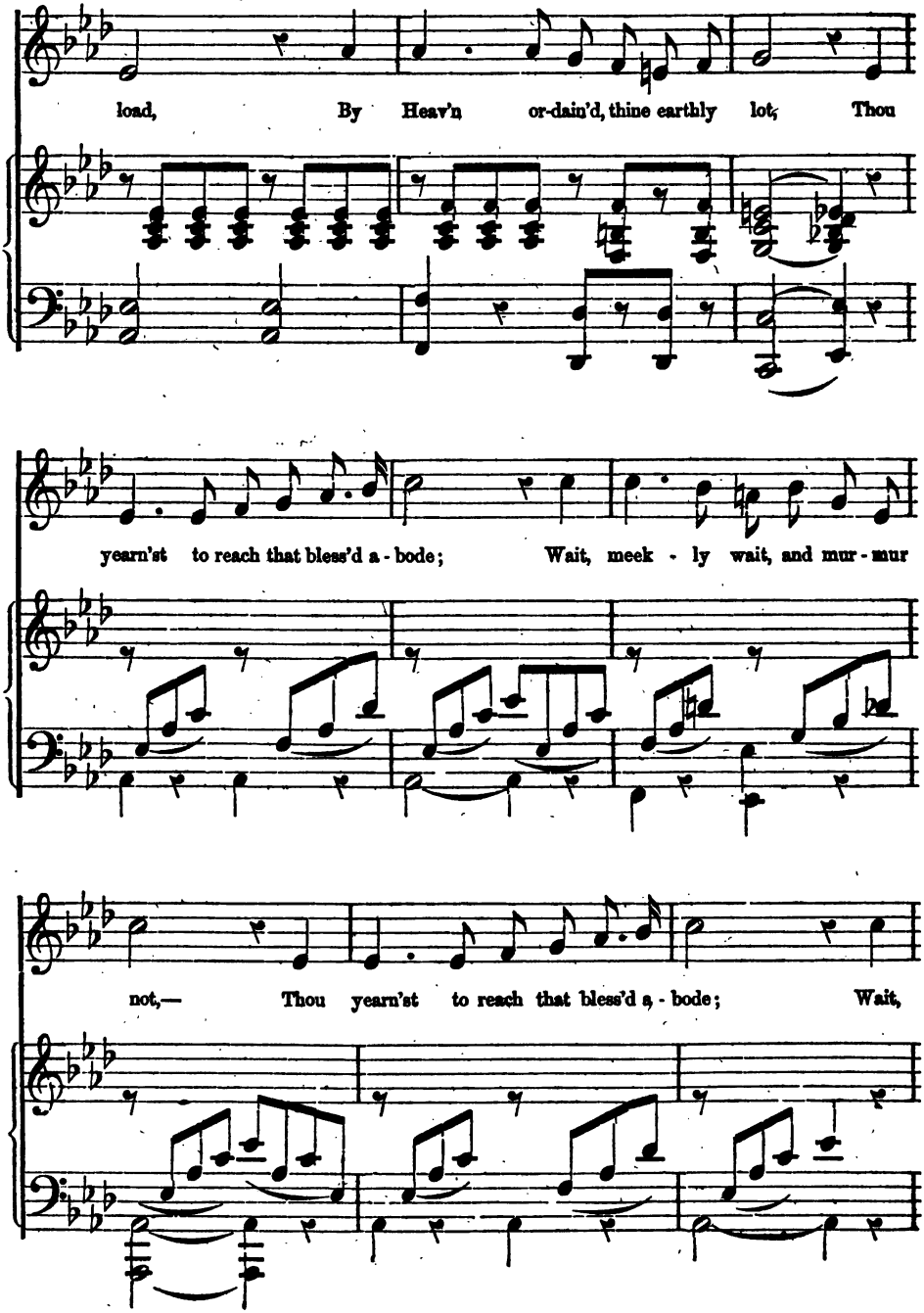

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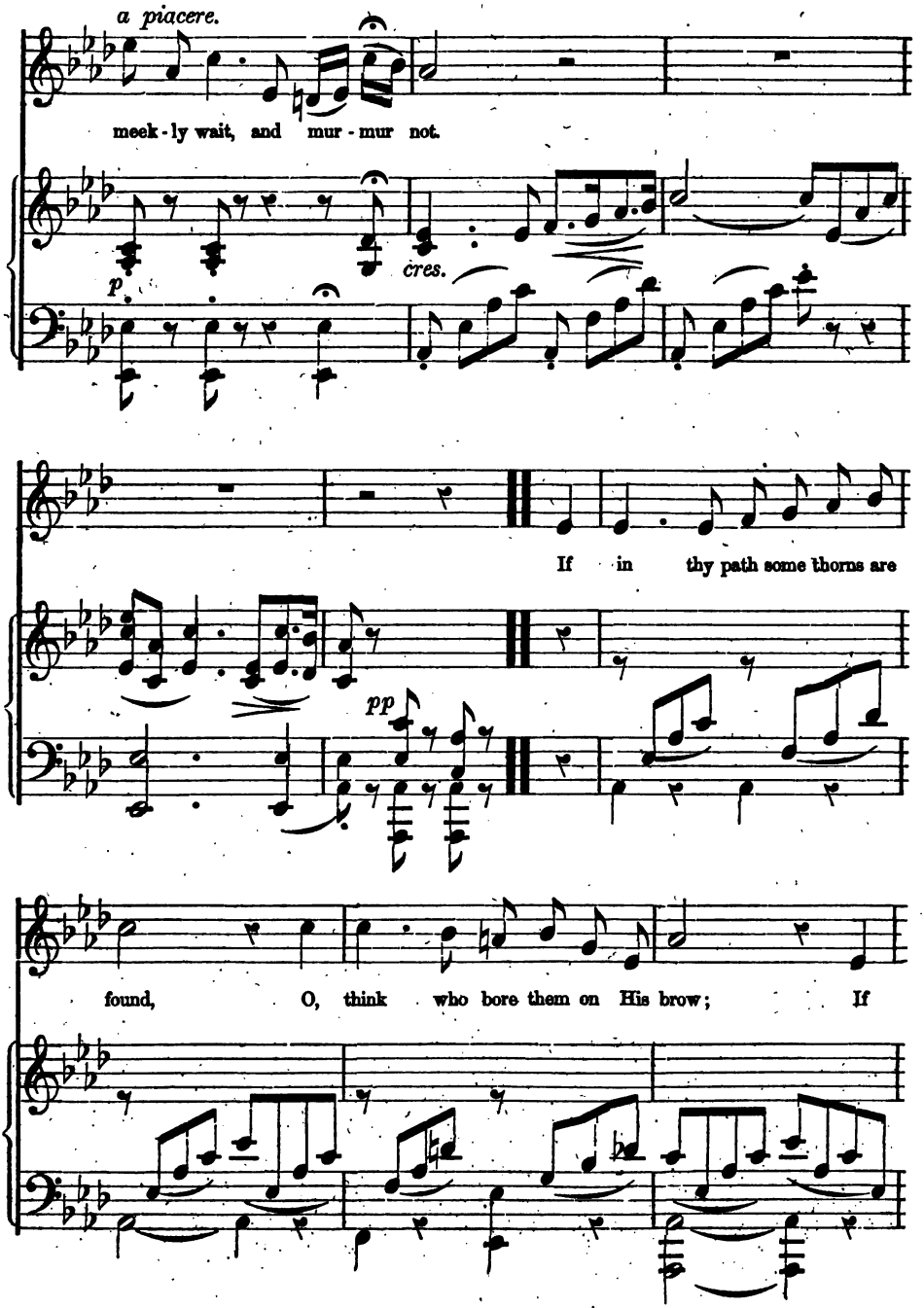

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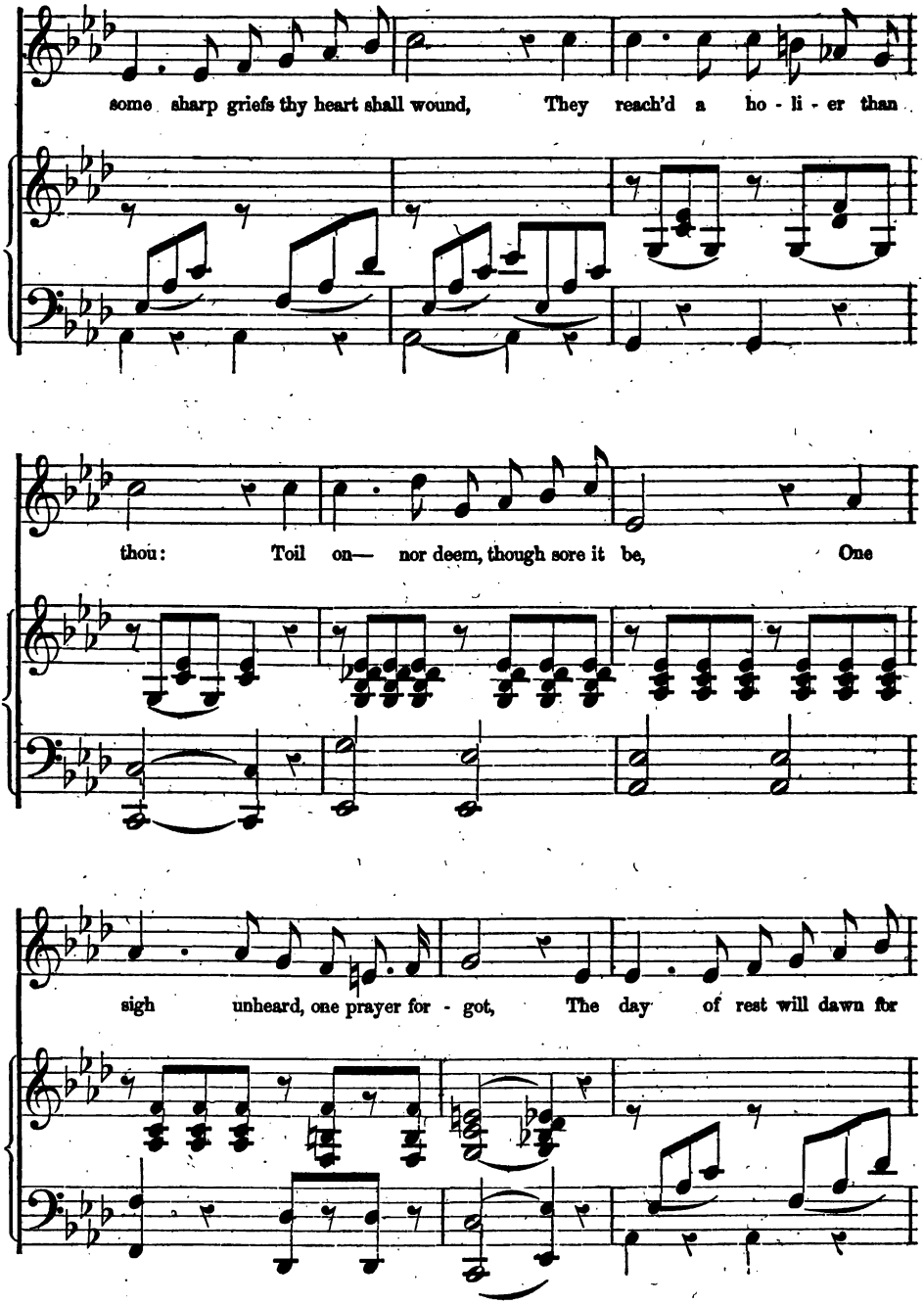

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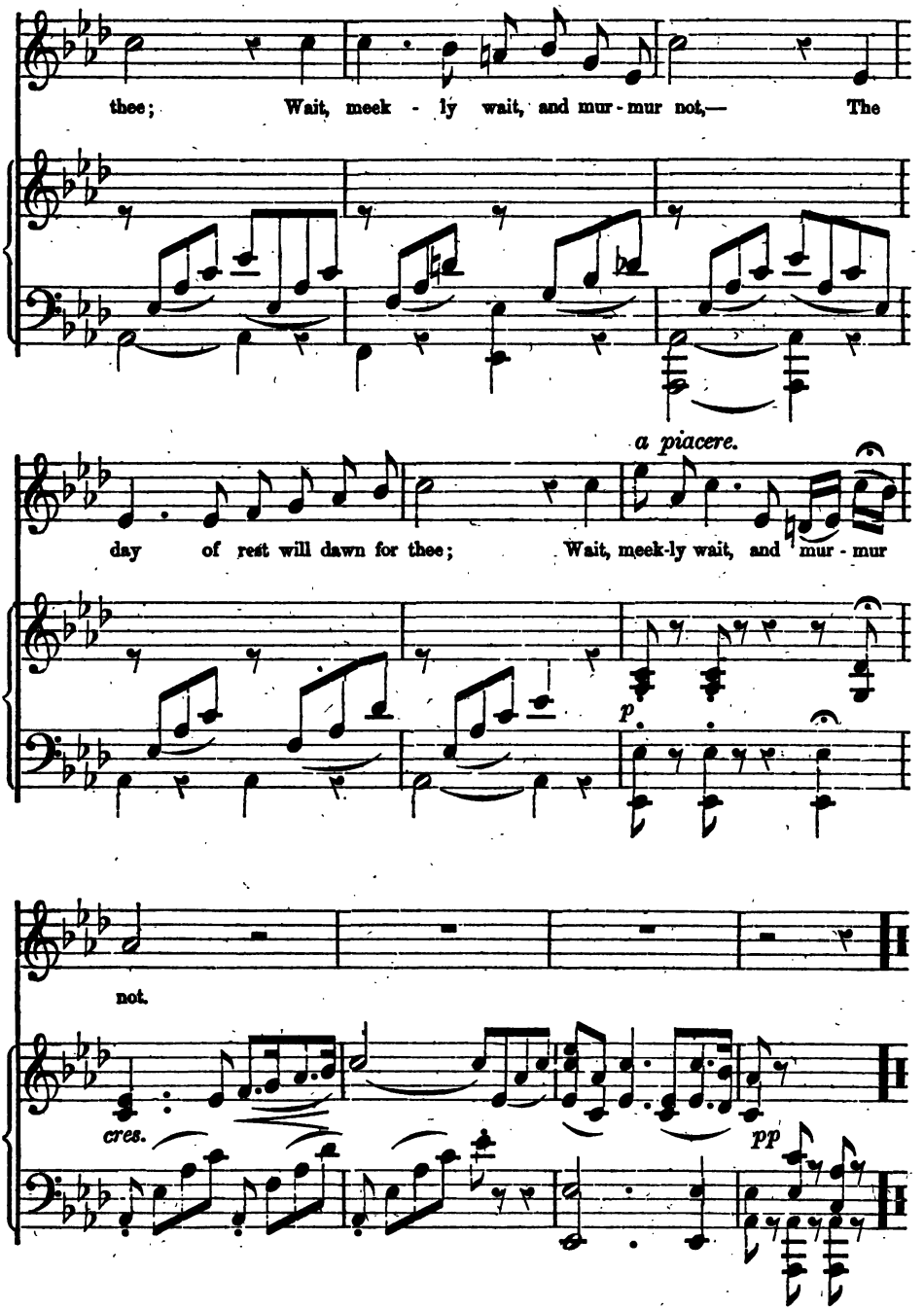

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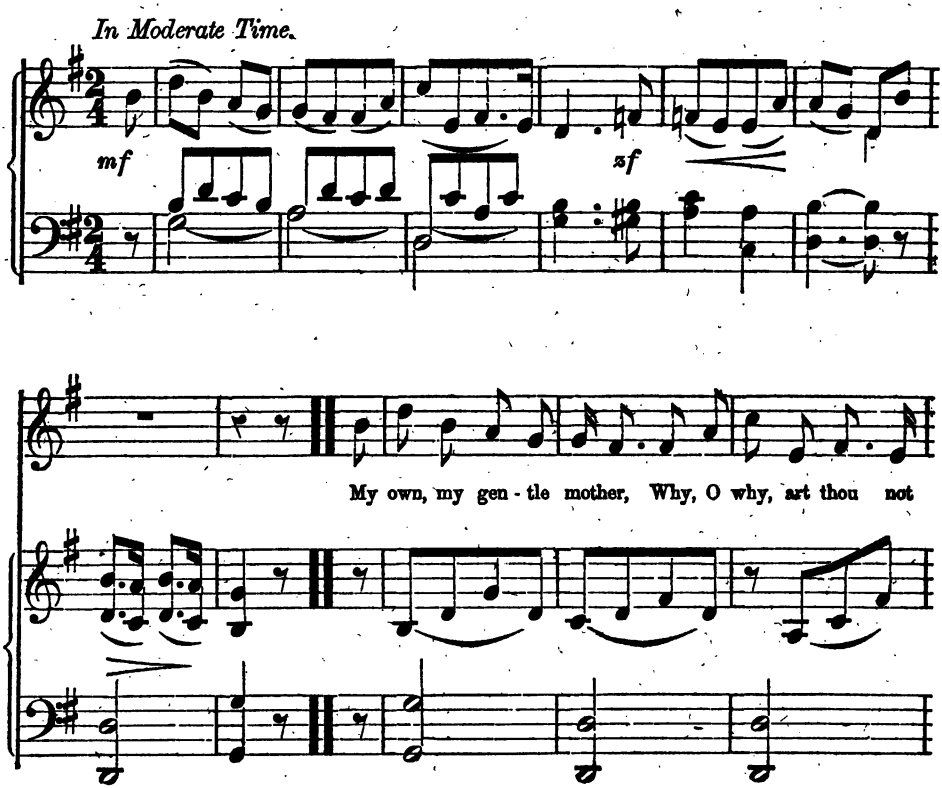
My Own, my Gentle Mother.

"They were now in a wide part of the river, and the shore, towards which she was looking, was low and distant; she ceased to look at it, and presently lost all sense of everything around her .... Her eyes were fixed upon the dancing waters, but it was plain her thoughts were not, nor on anything else before her .... She was observed, with a feeling of compassion, by several people; but they all thought it was none of their business to speak to her, or they did not know how."—*Chapter VII.*

Written by W. H. Bellamy. **The Music by C. W. Glover.**



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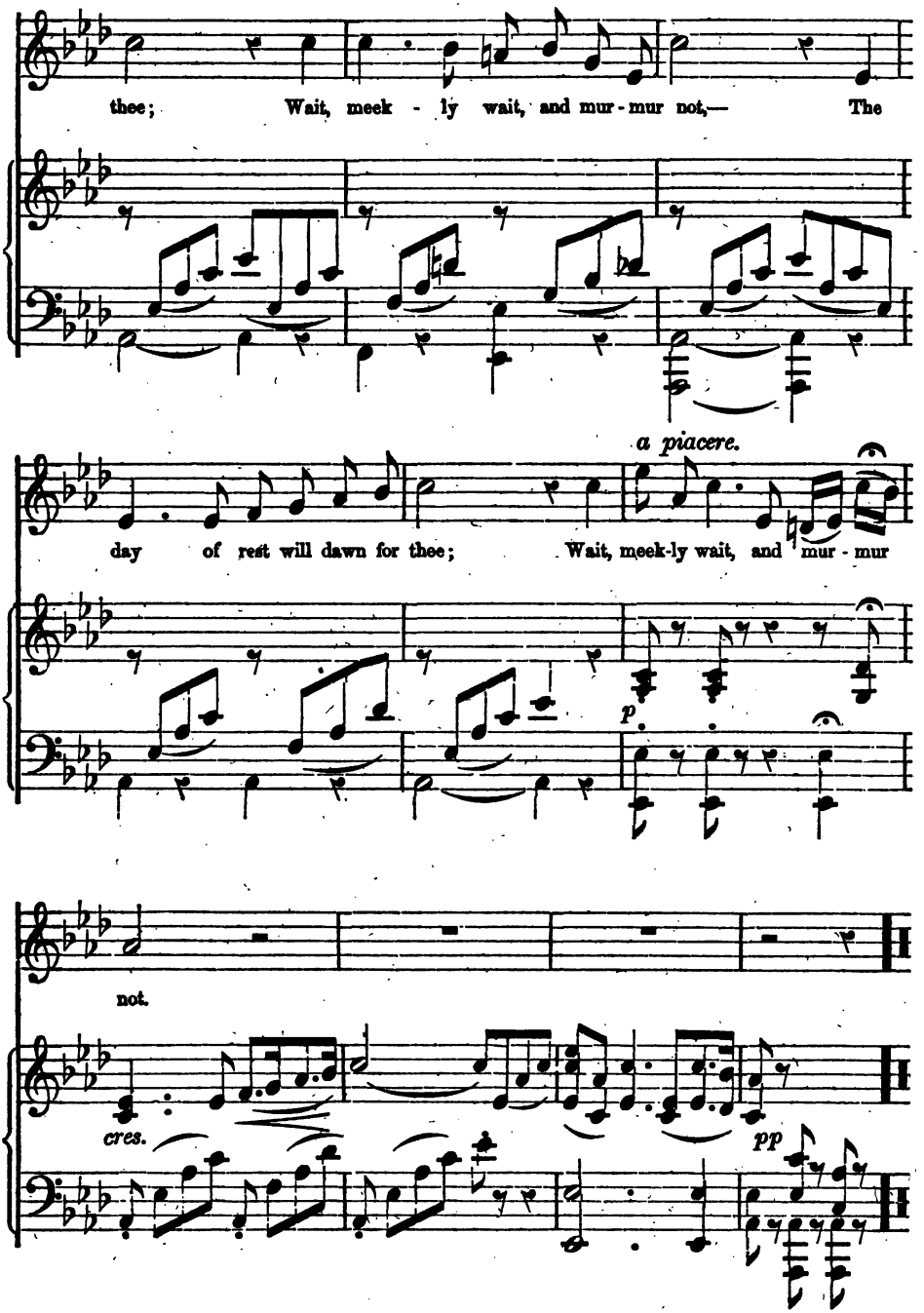

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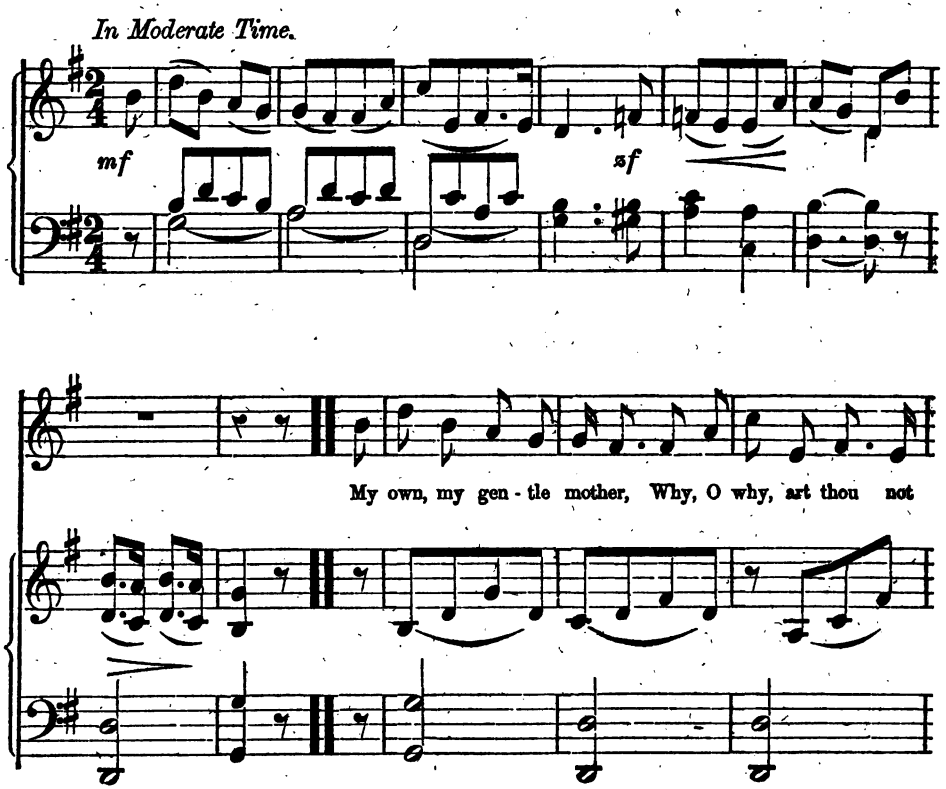
Written by W. H. Bellamy. The Music by C. W. Glover.



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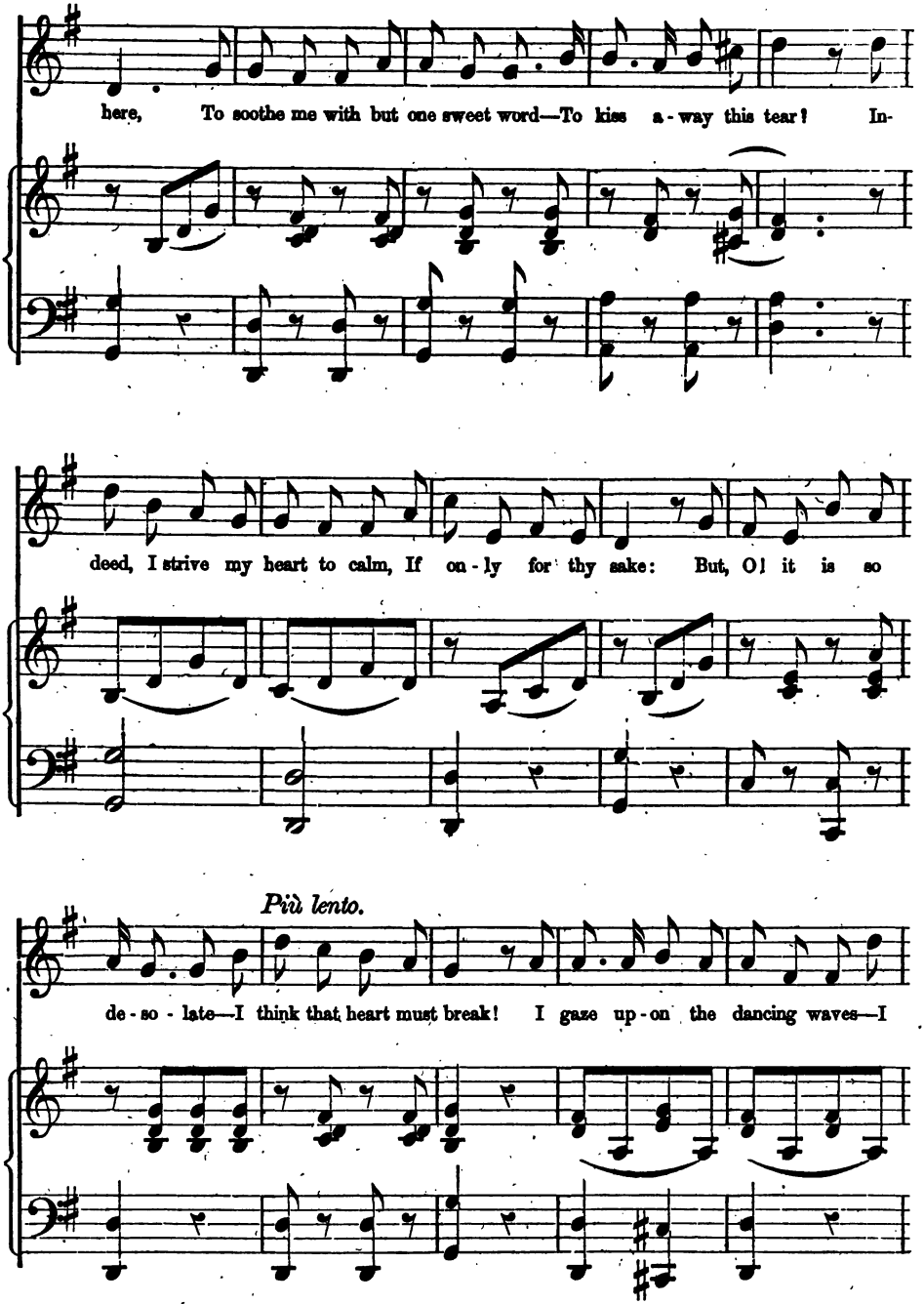

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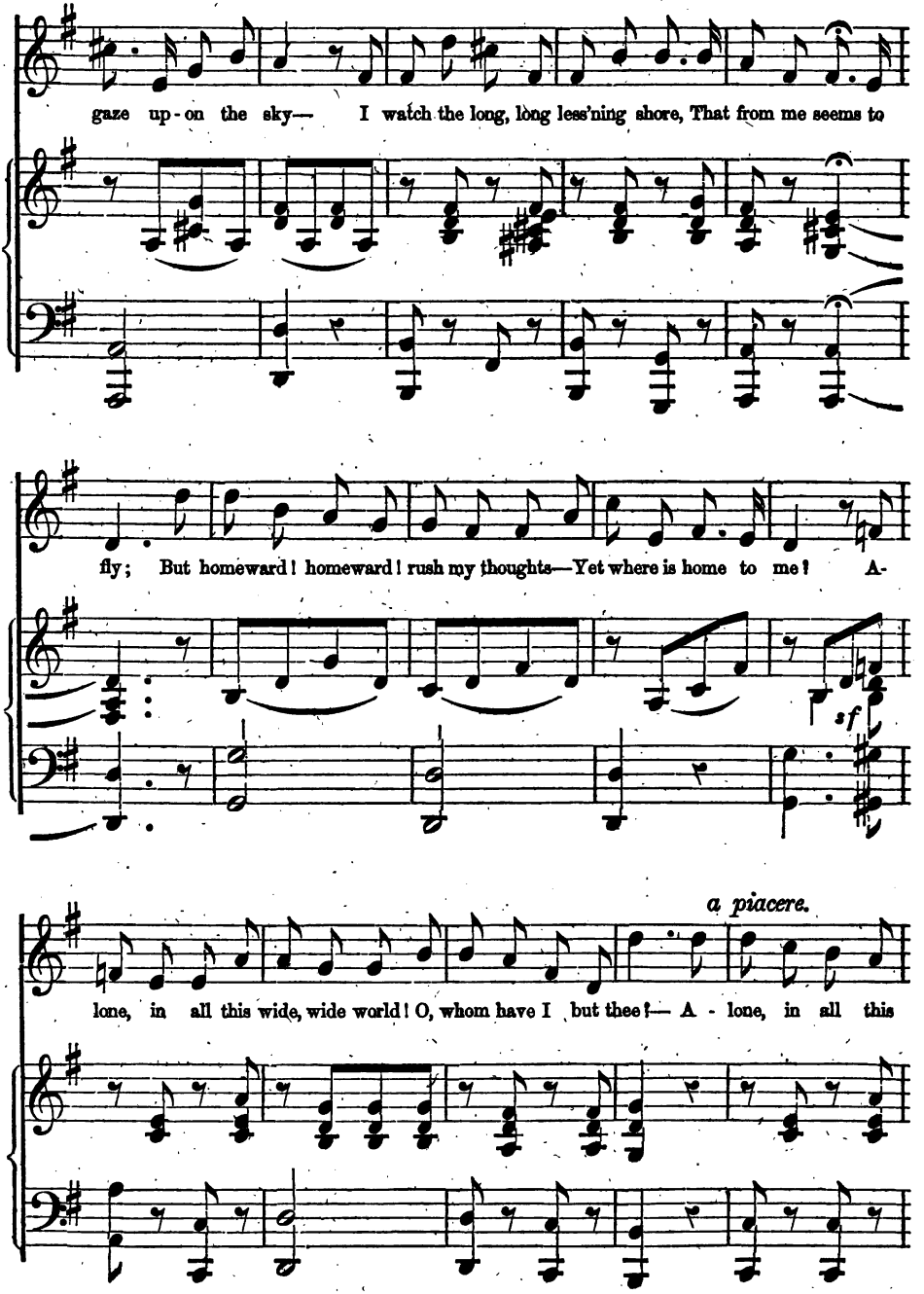

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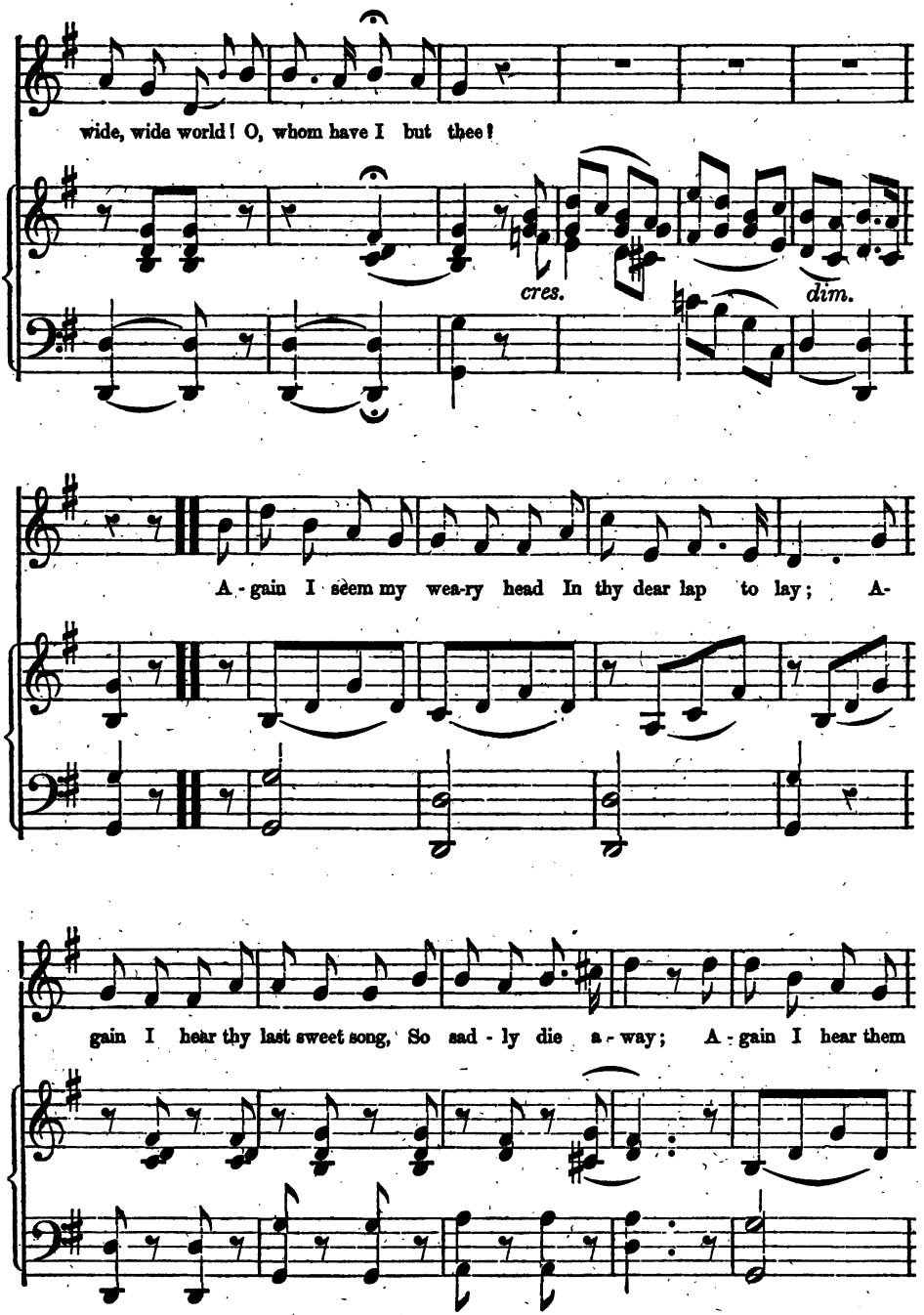

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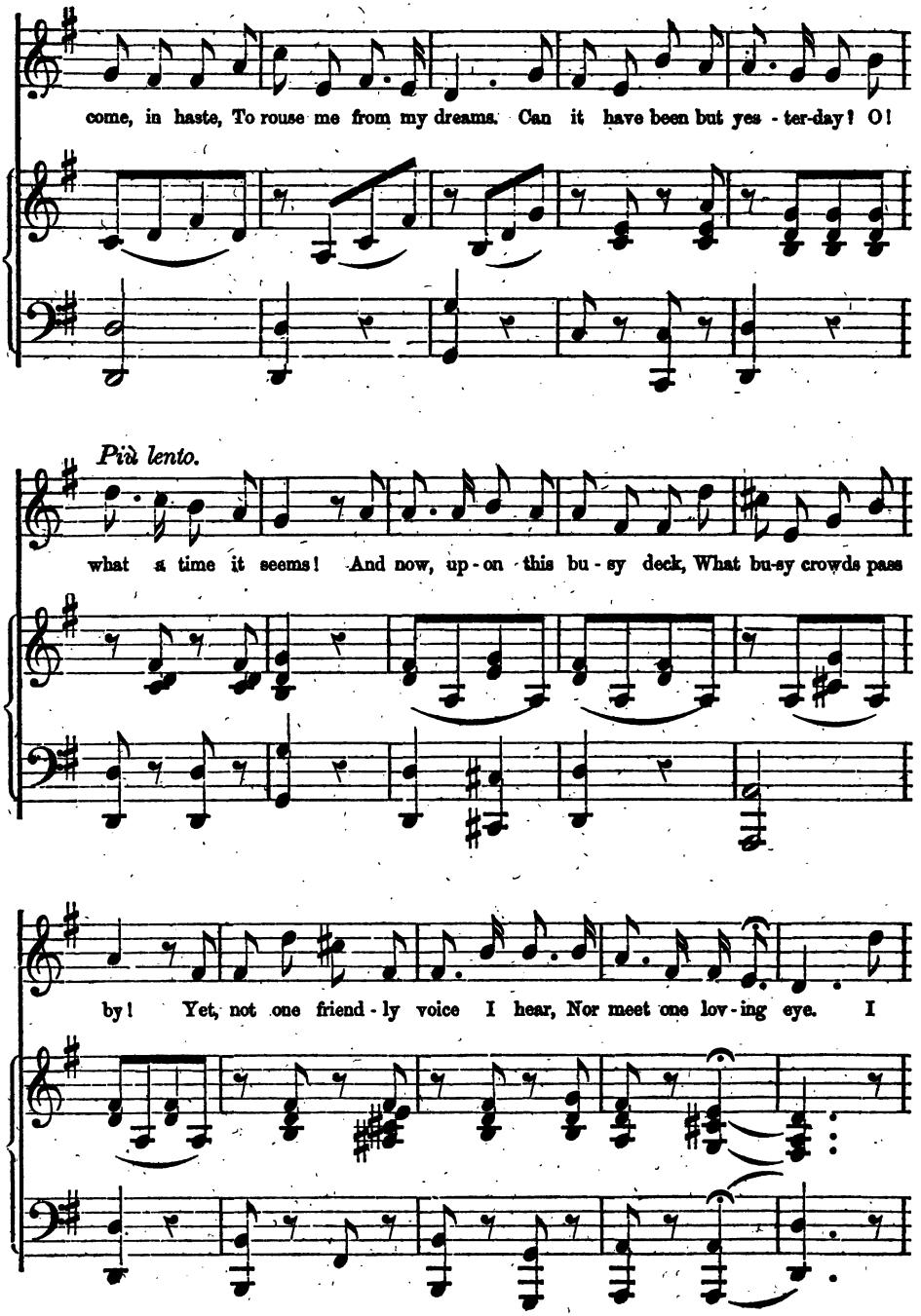

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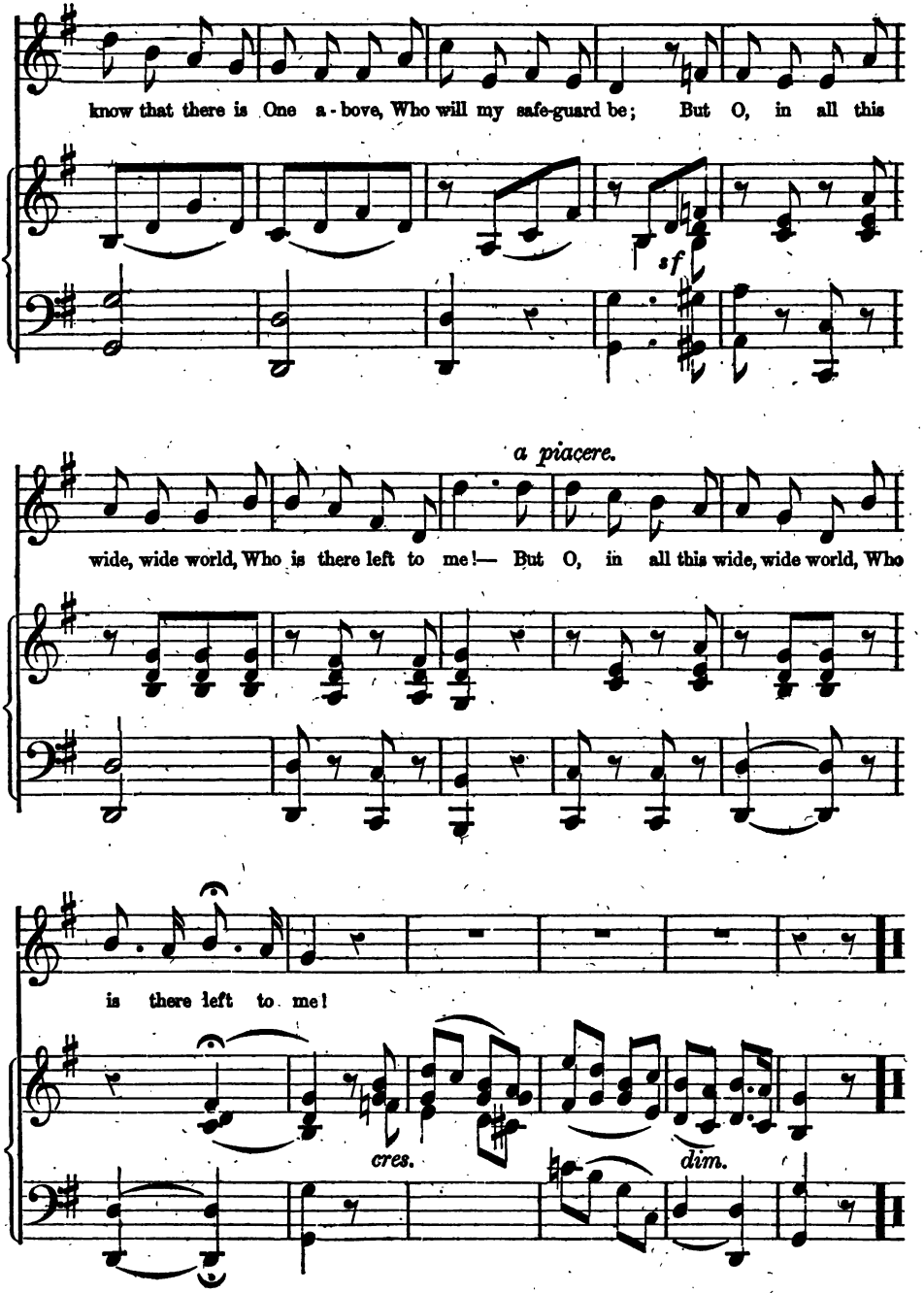

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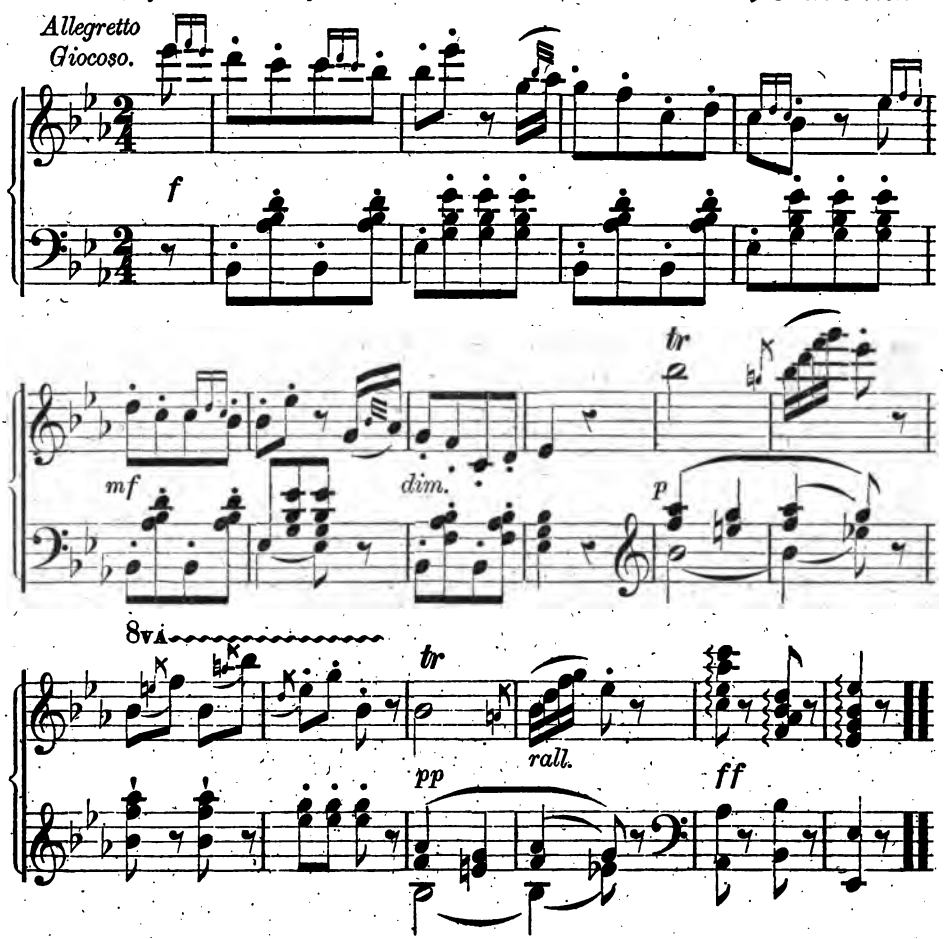
The Snow Storm.

DUETT.

"Alice suddenly exclaimed, 'It is snowing! Come, Ellen, we must make haste now'—and set off at a quickened pace. They had gone not a hundred yards when the whole air was filled with the falling flakes, and the wind, which had lulled for a little, now rose with greater violence and swept round the mountain furiously. The storm had come in good earnest. How furiously it blew! The snow grew deeper every moment. Ellen clung as close to Alice as their hurried travelling would permit; and in this manner they pushed on through the snow and the thick night."

Chapter XIX.

Written by W. H. Bellamy. **The Music by C. W. Glover.**



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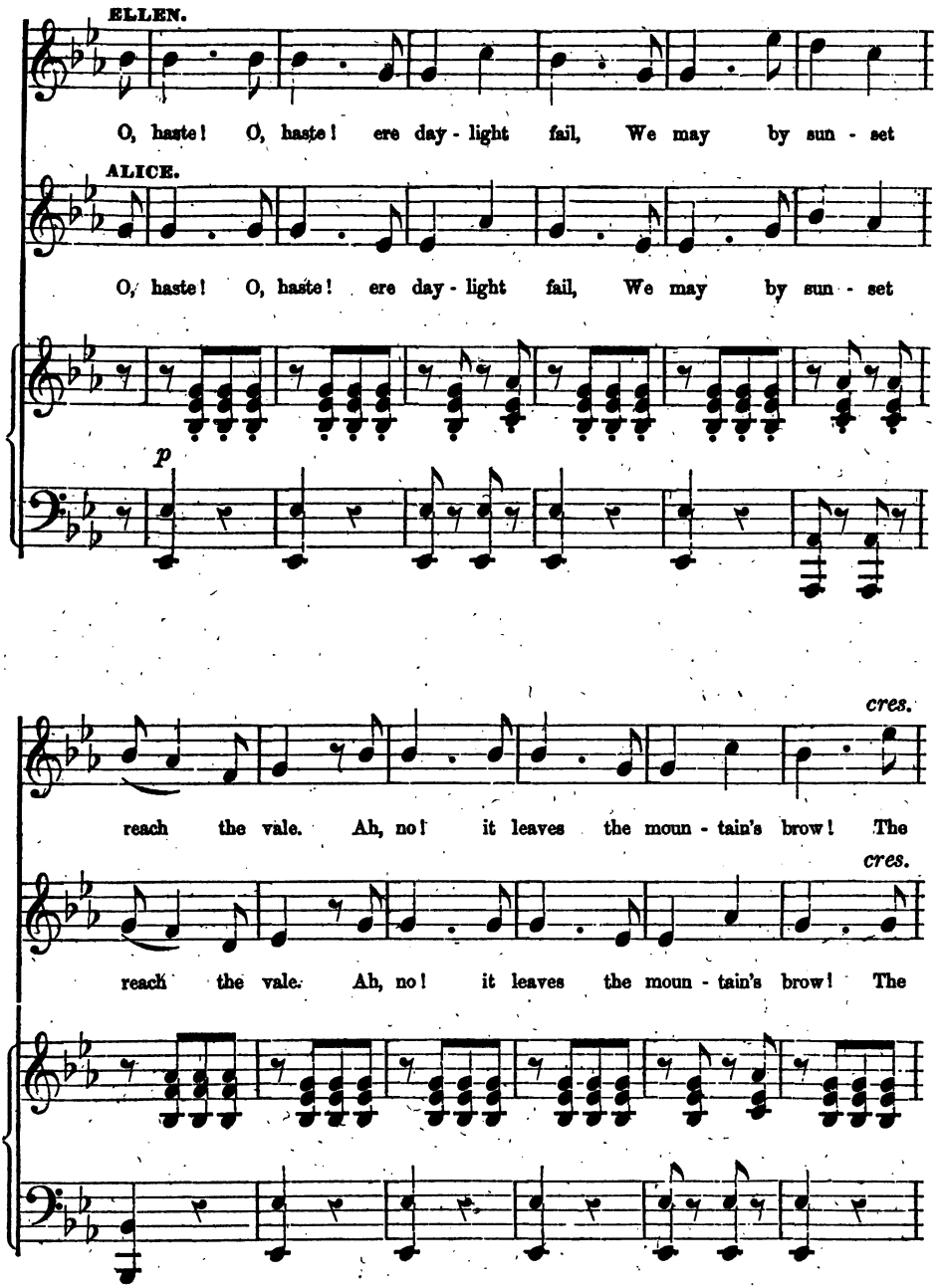

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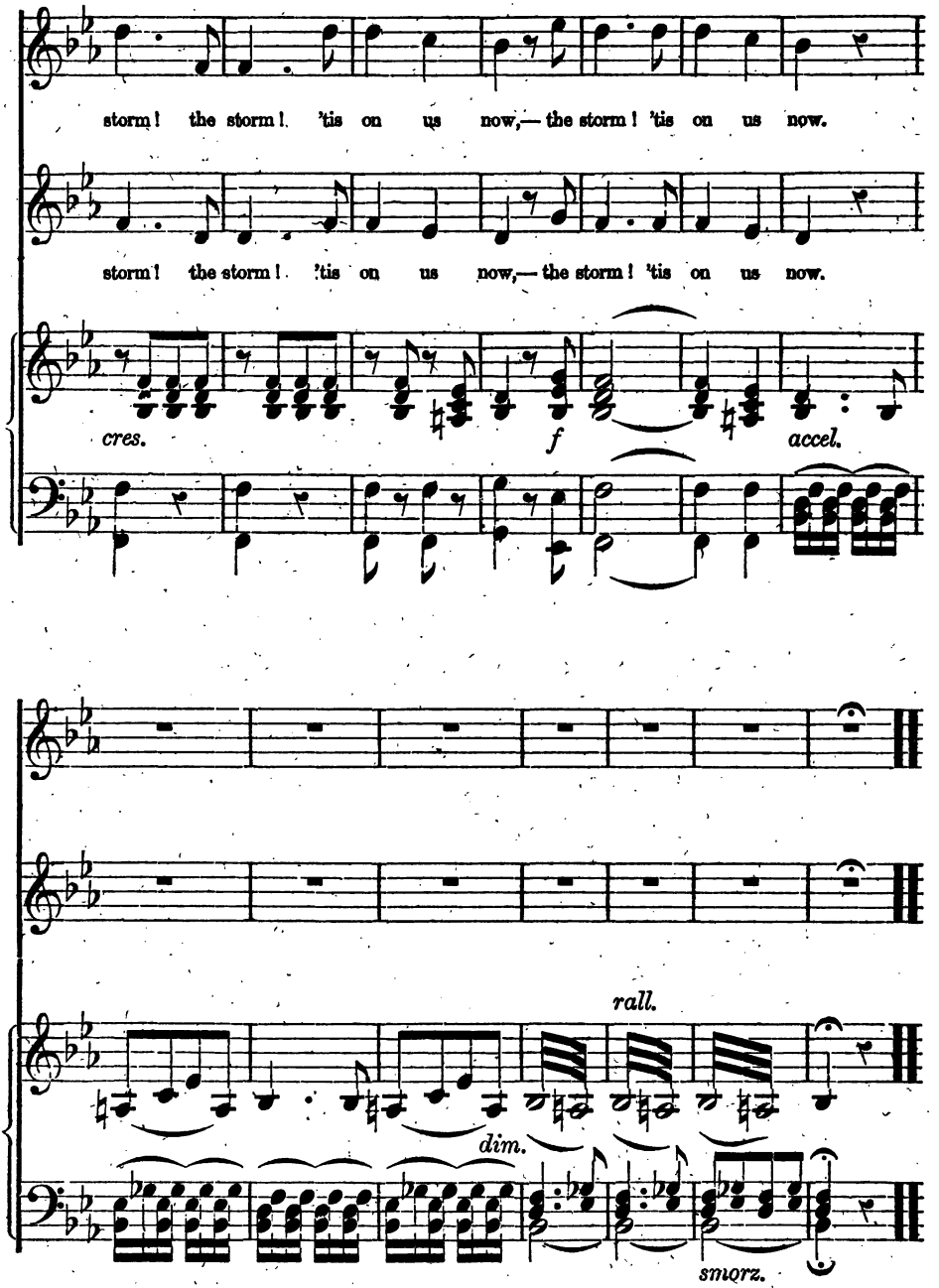

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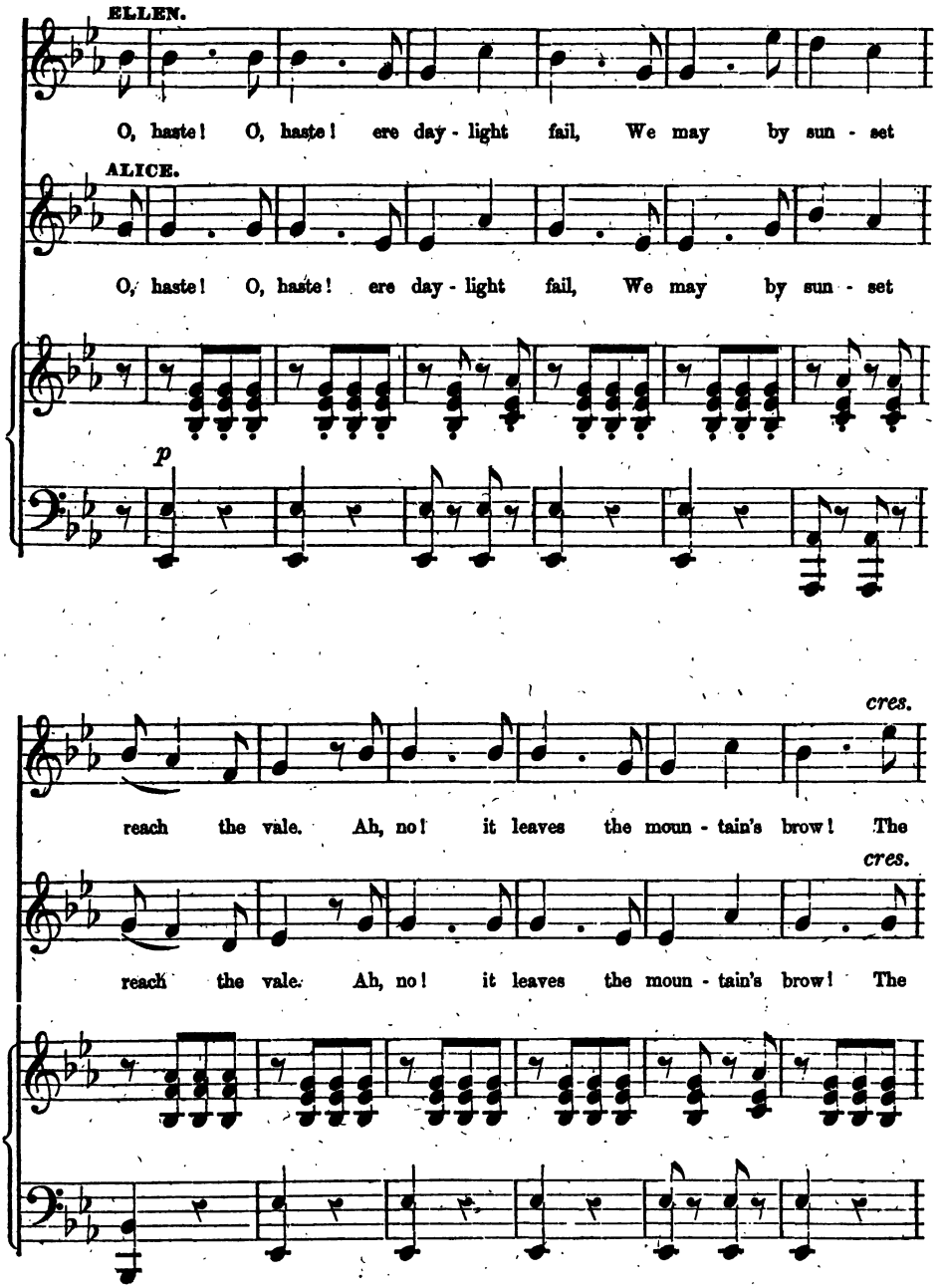

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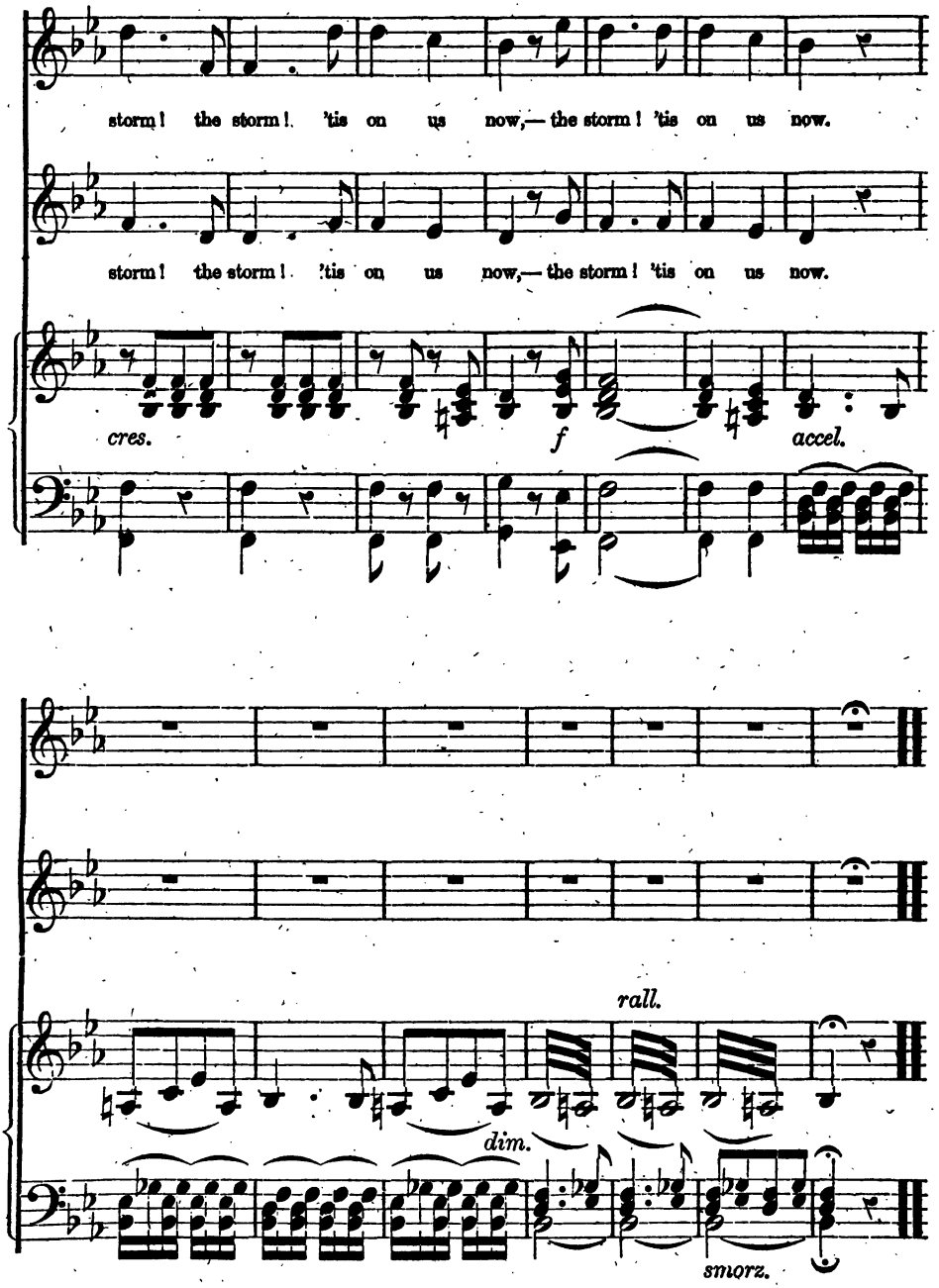

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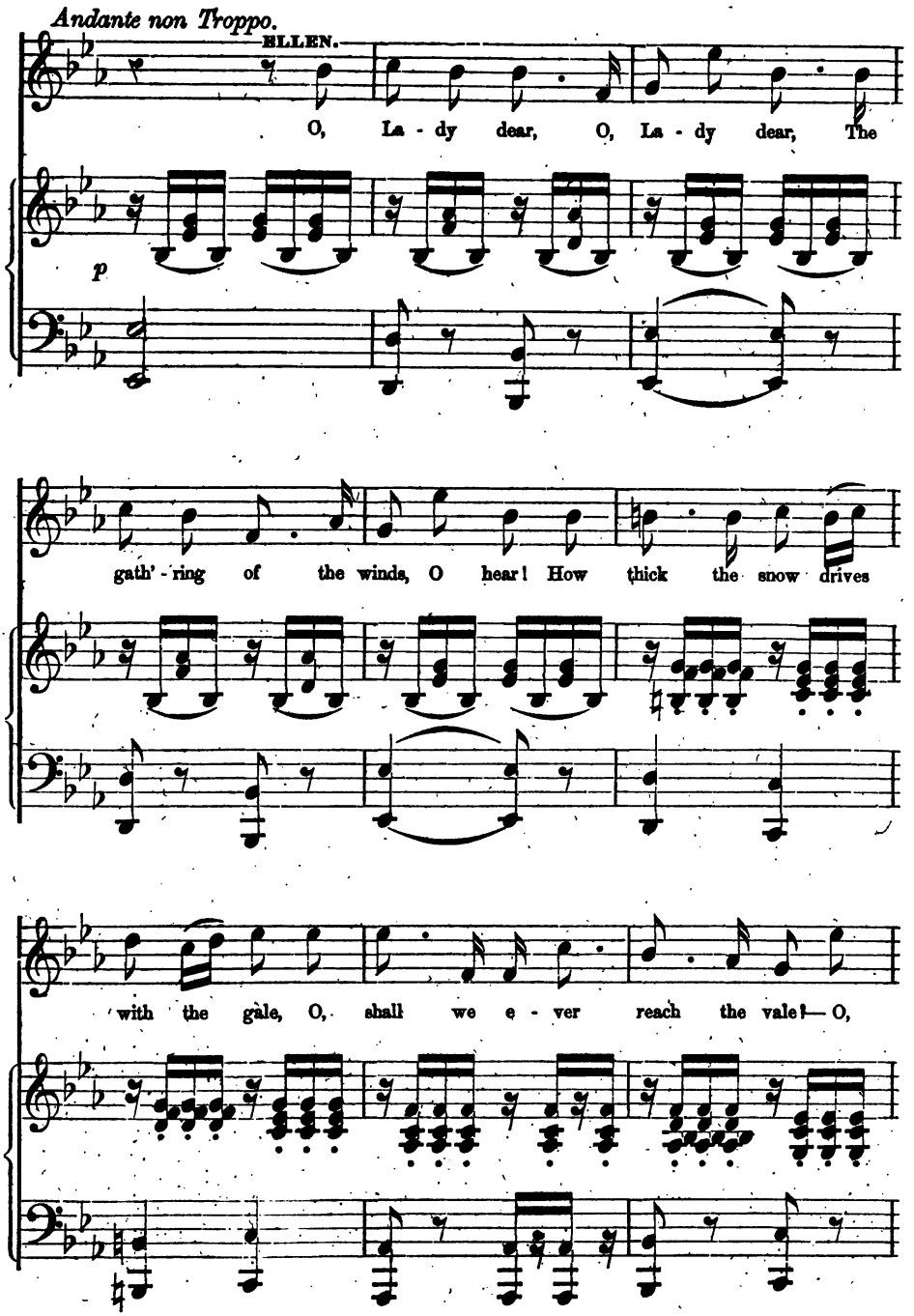

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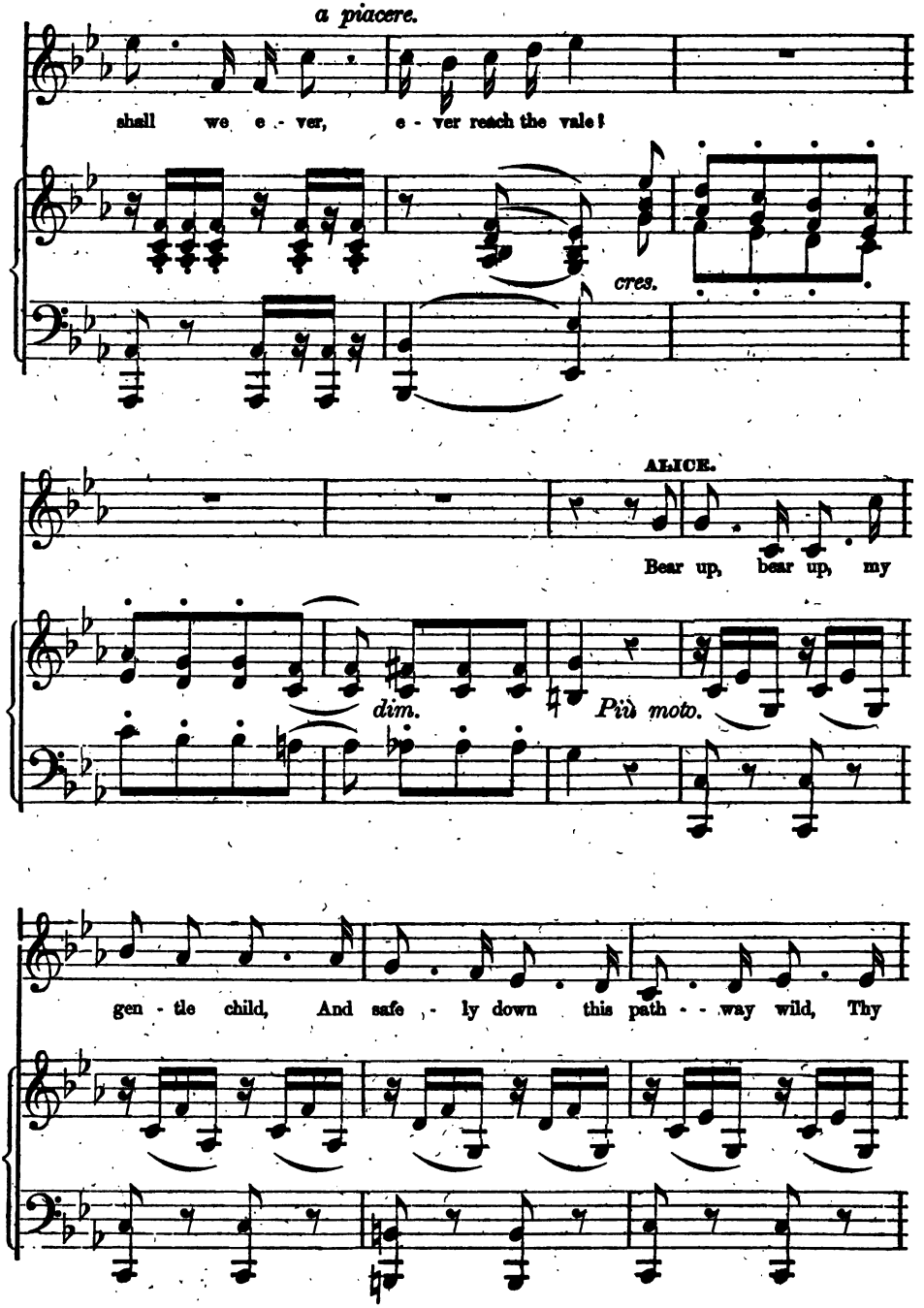

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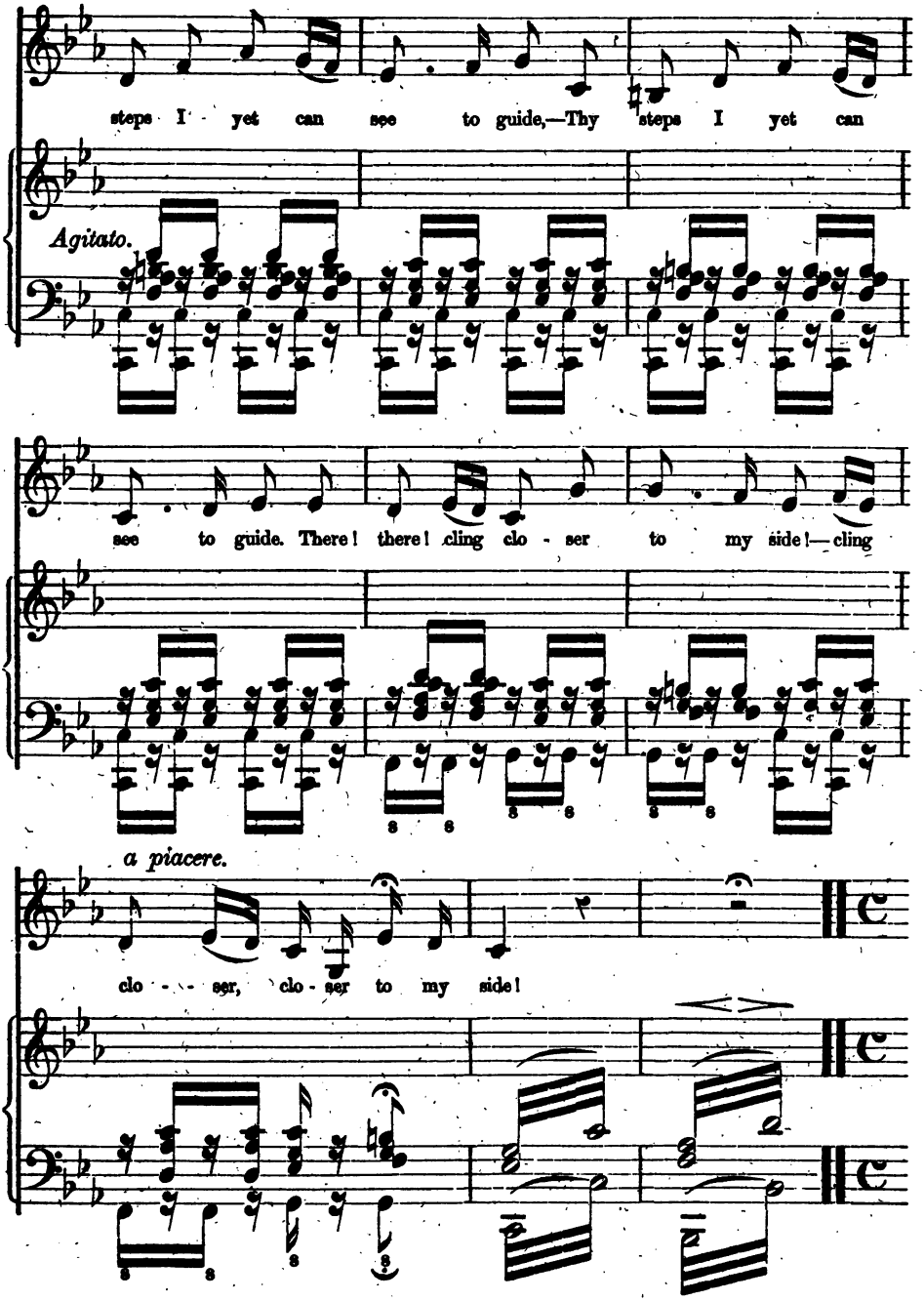

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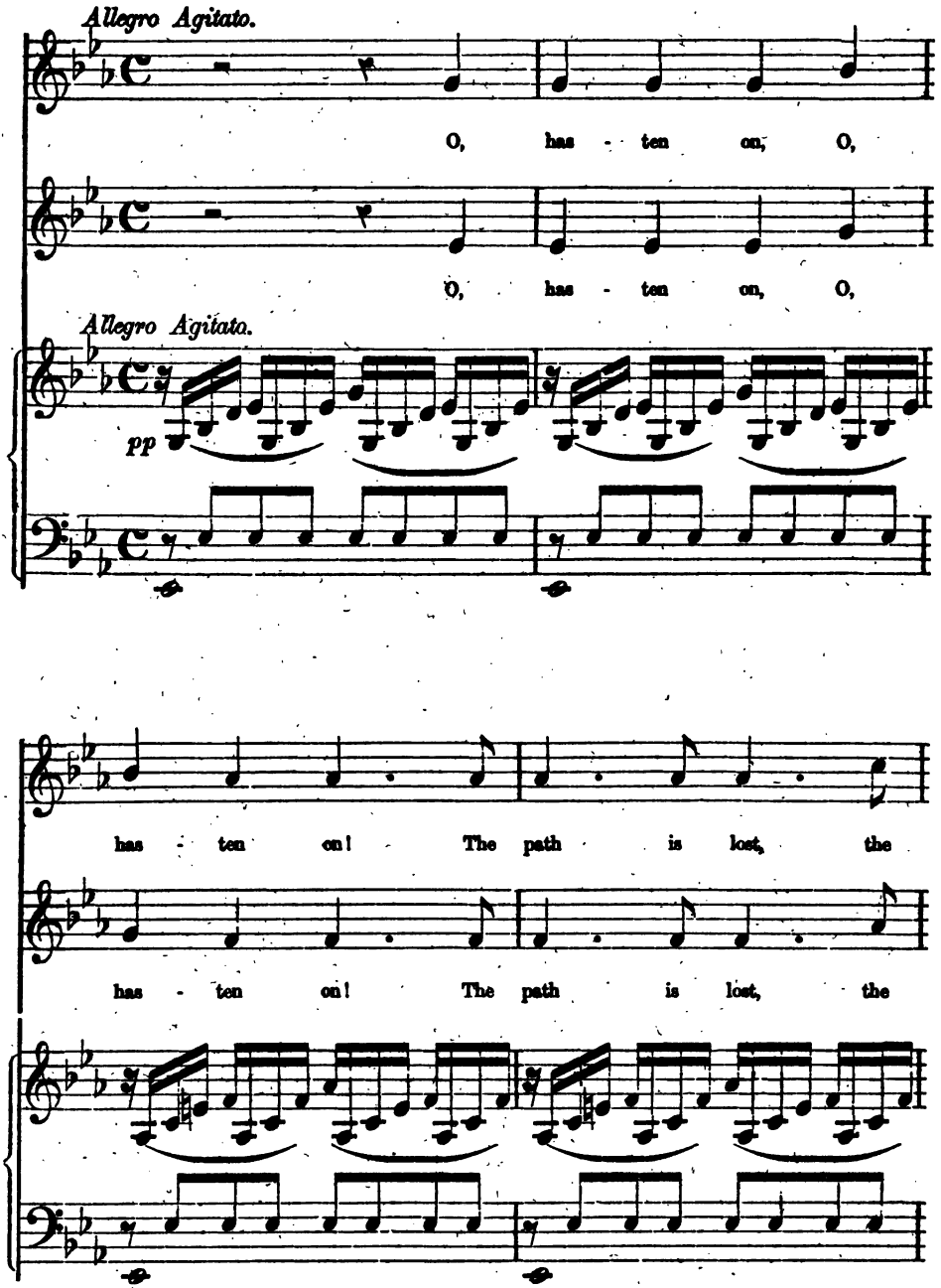

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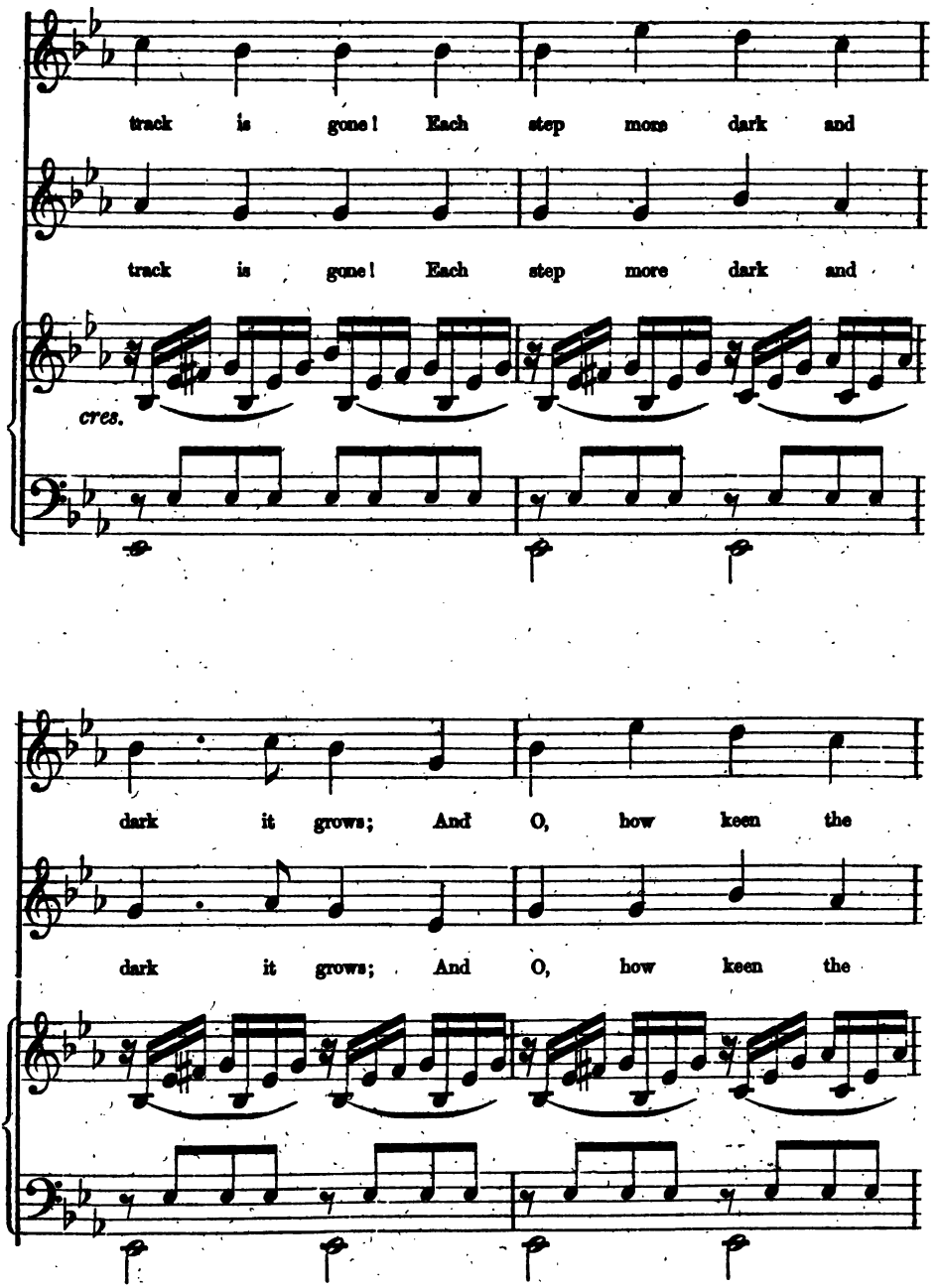

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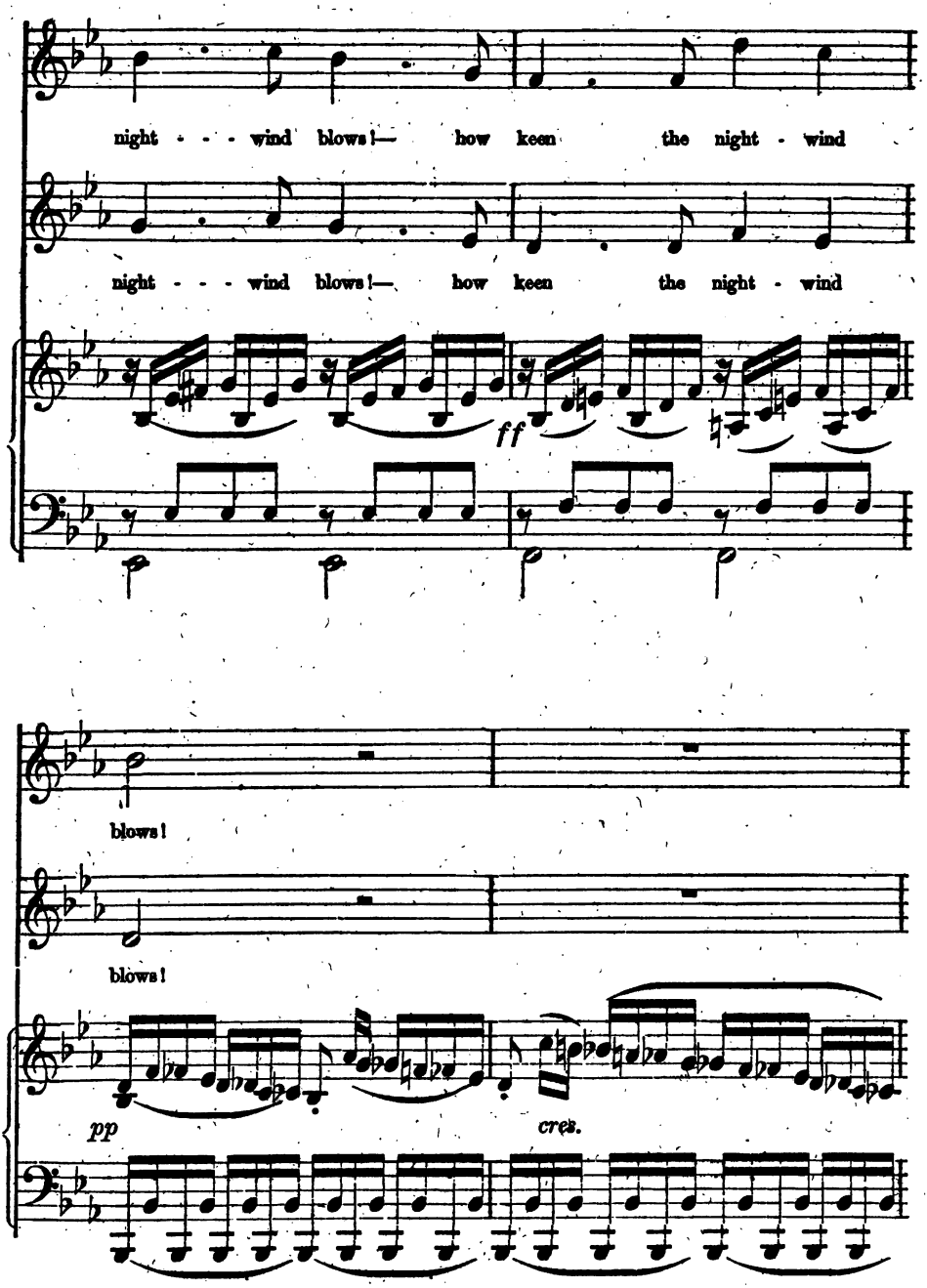

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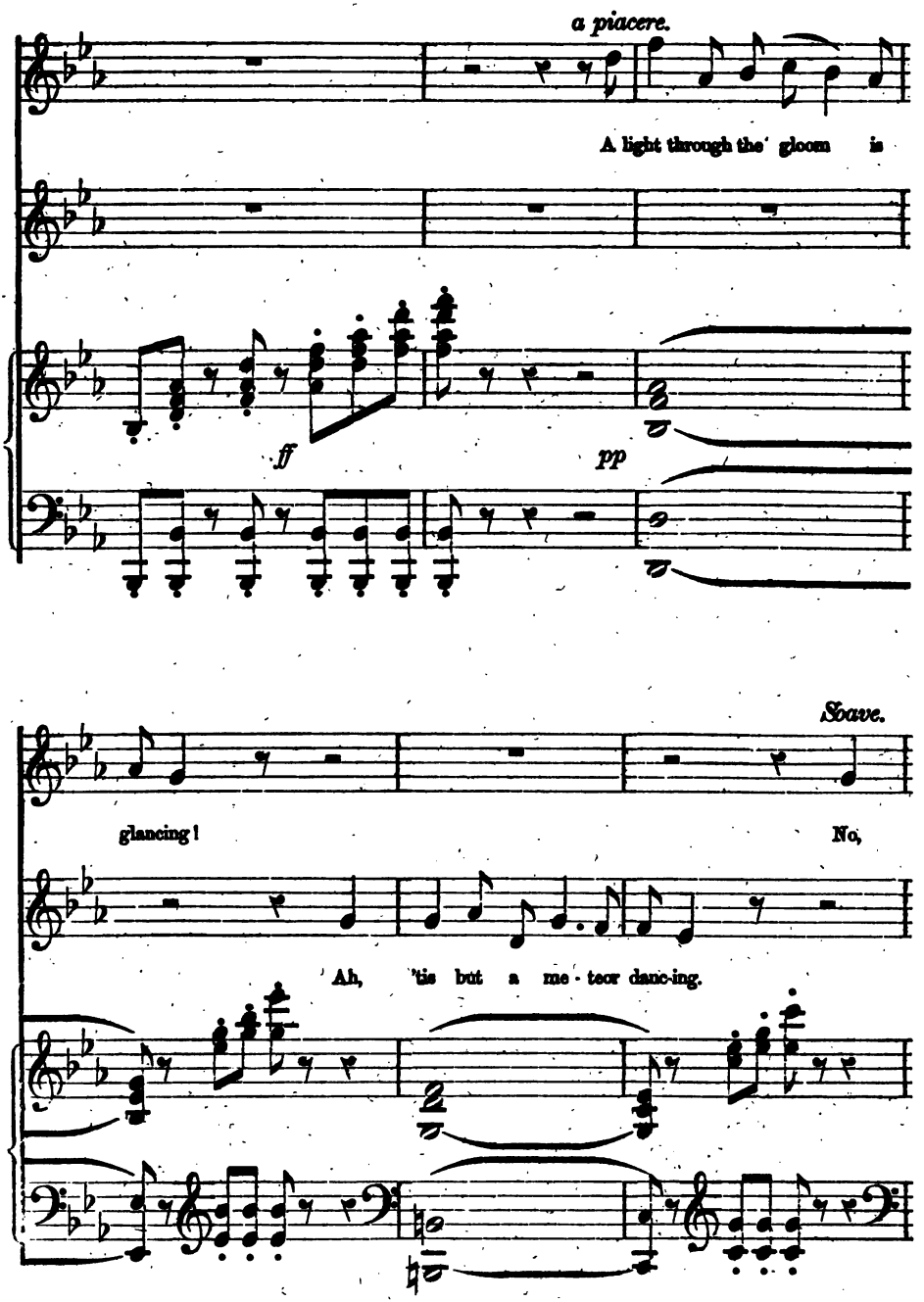

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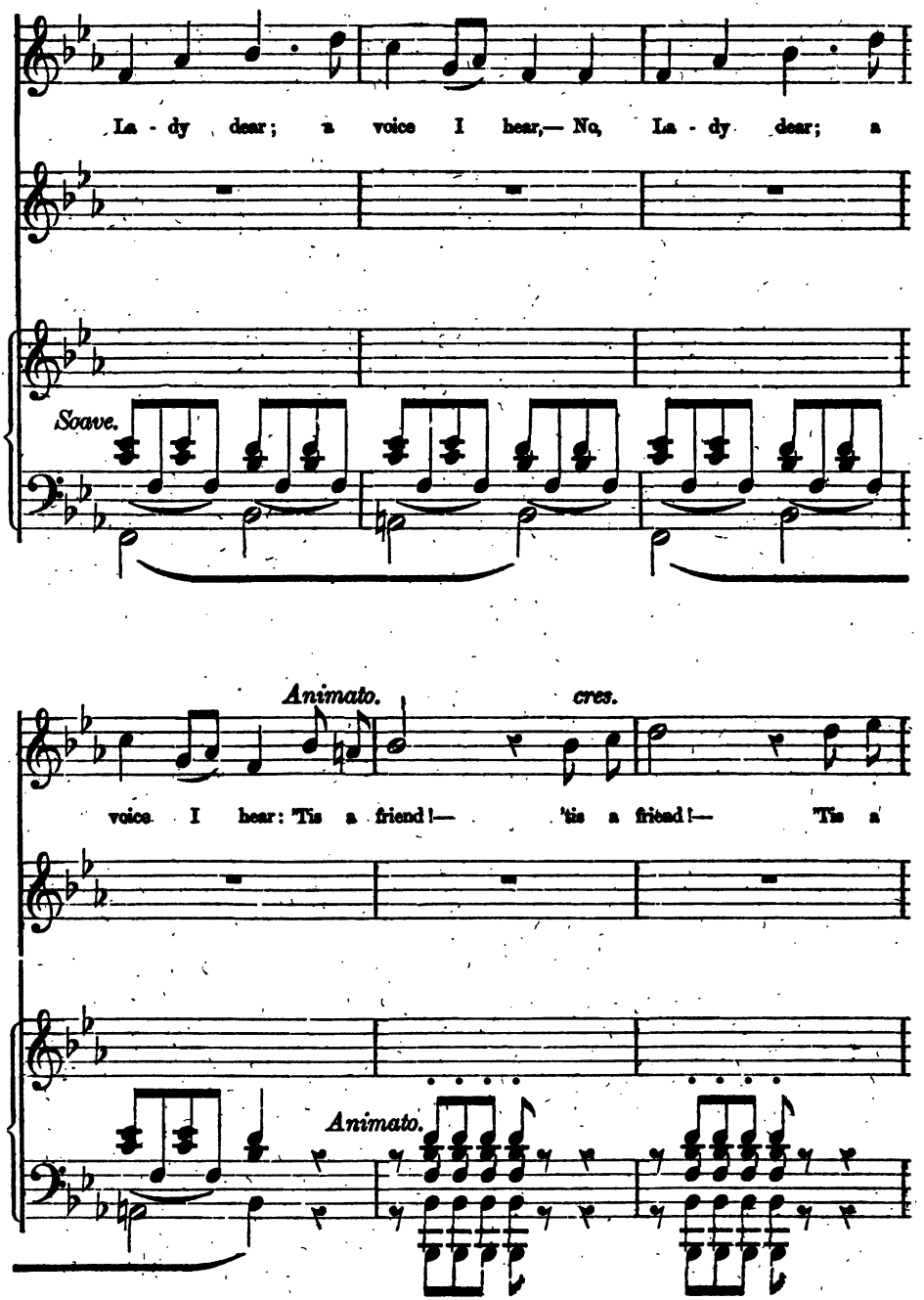

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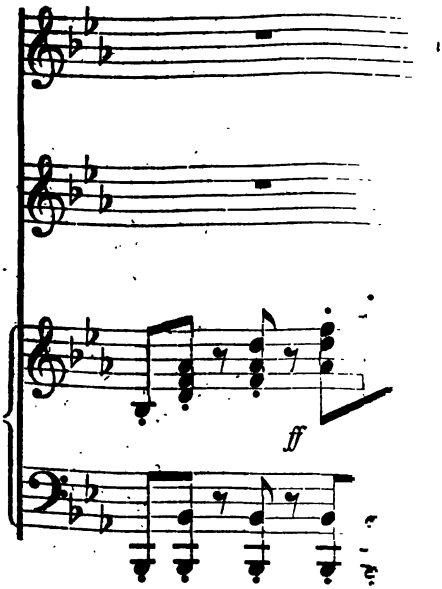

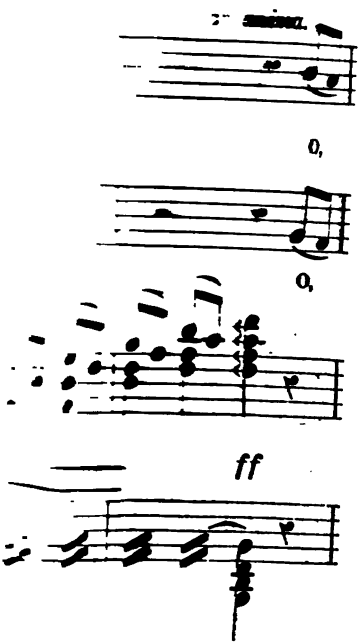

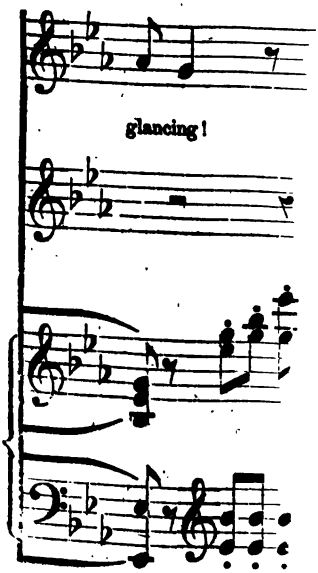

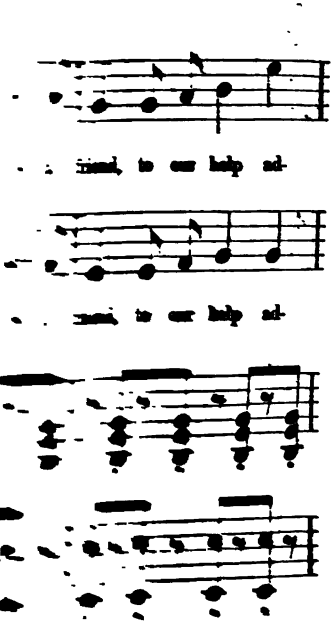

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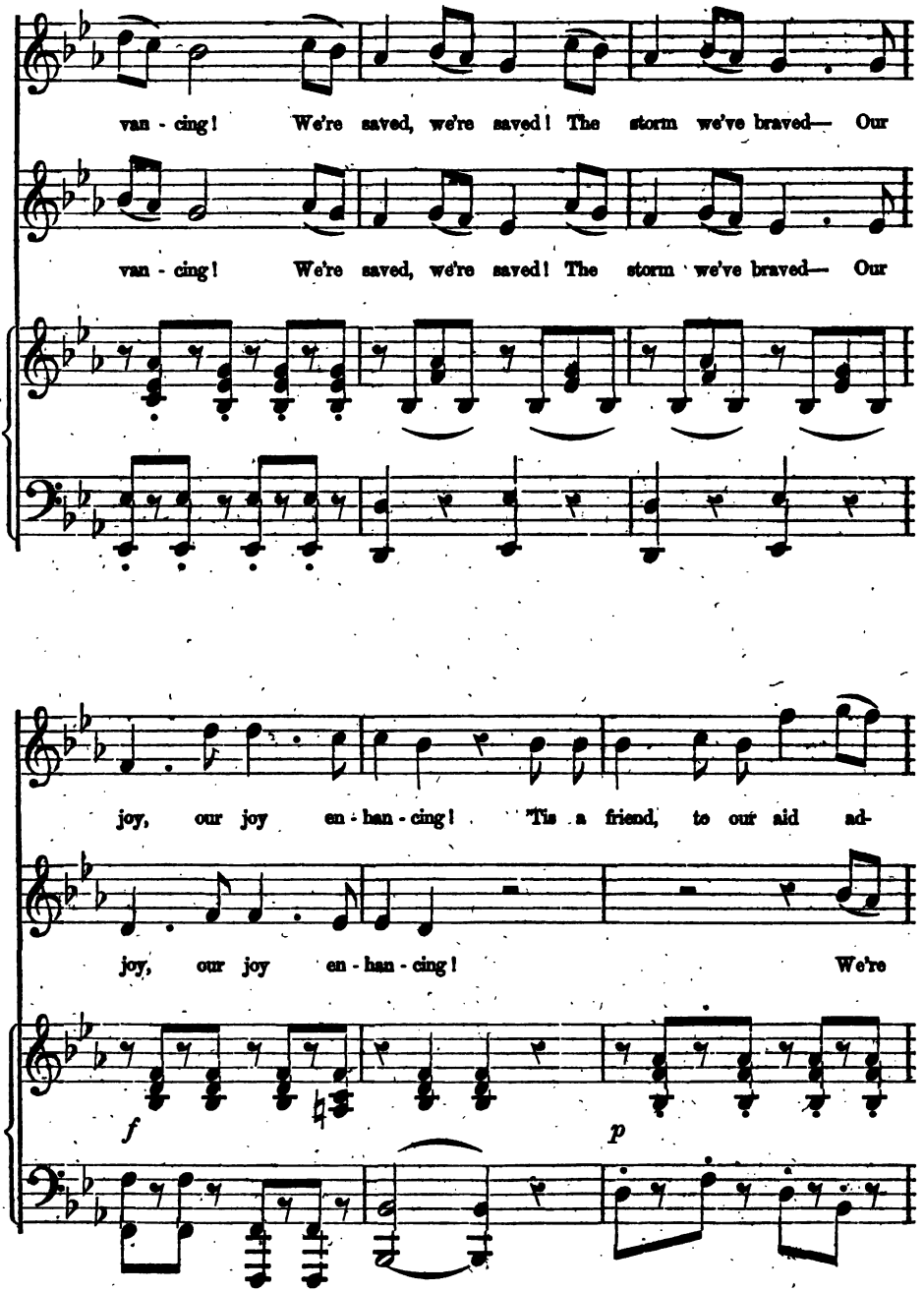

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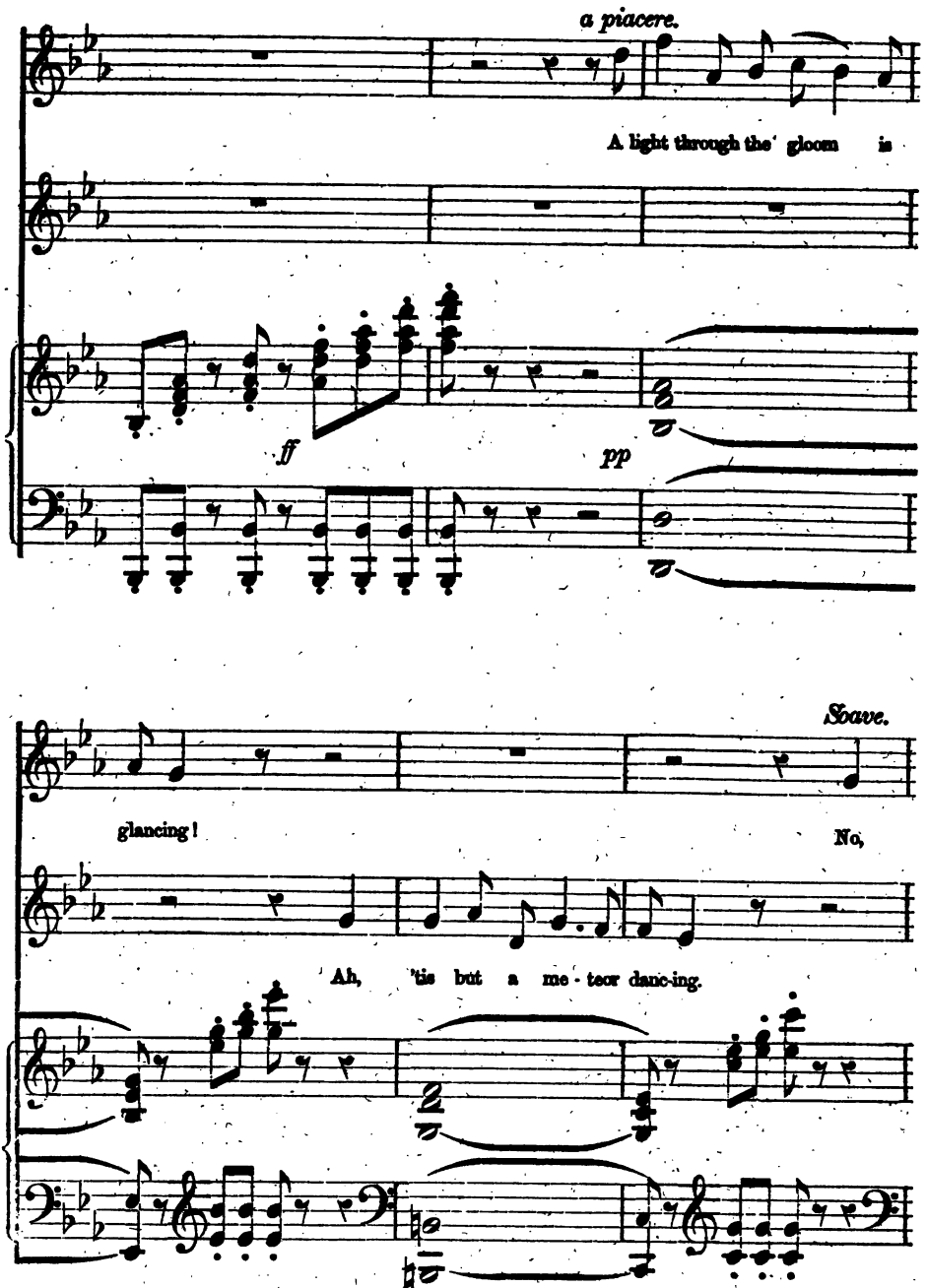

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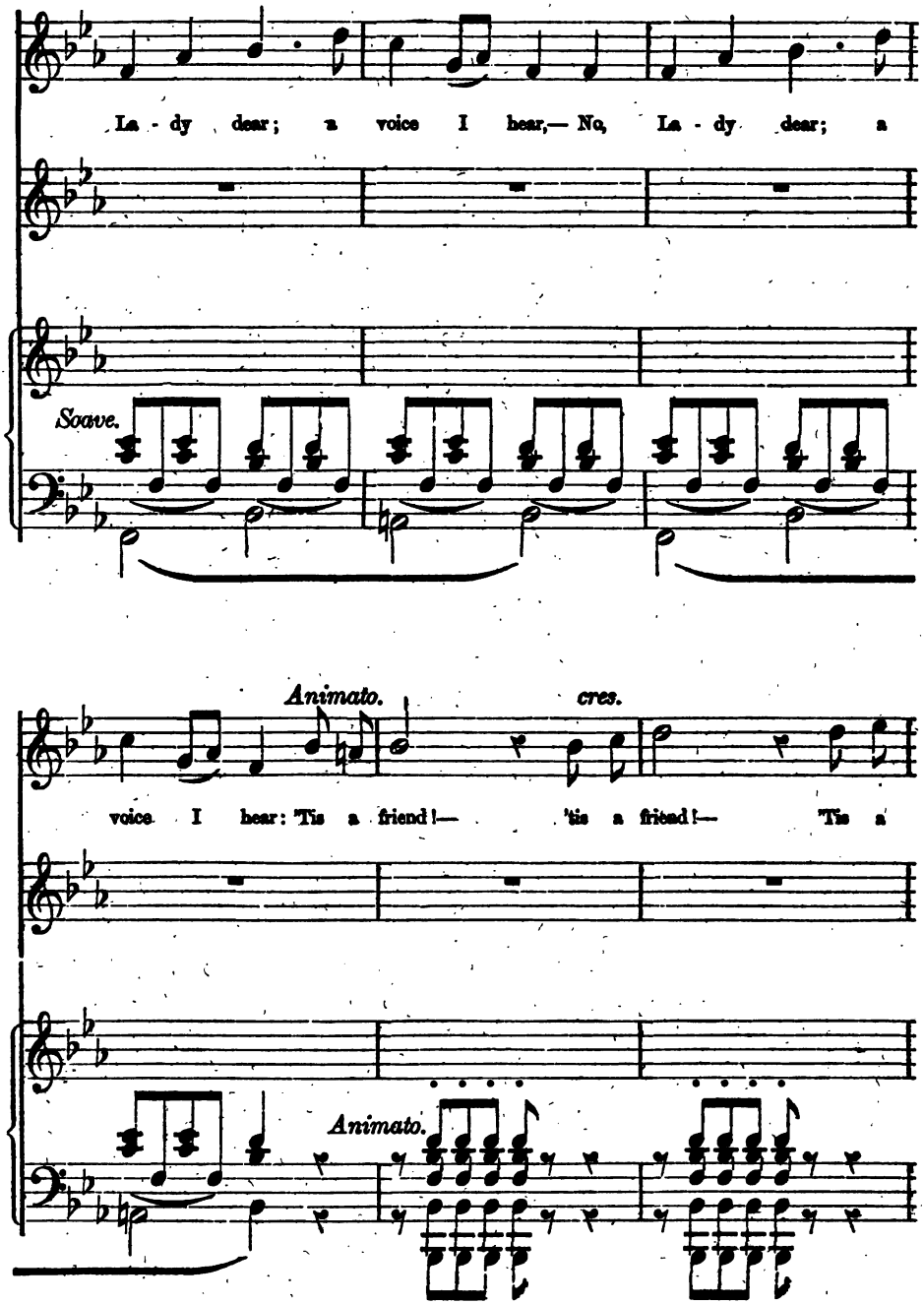

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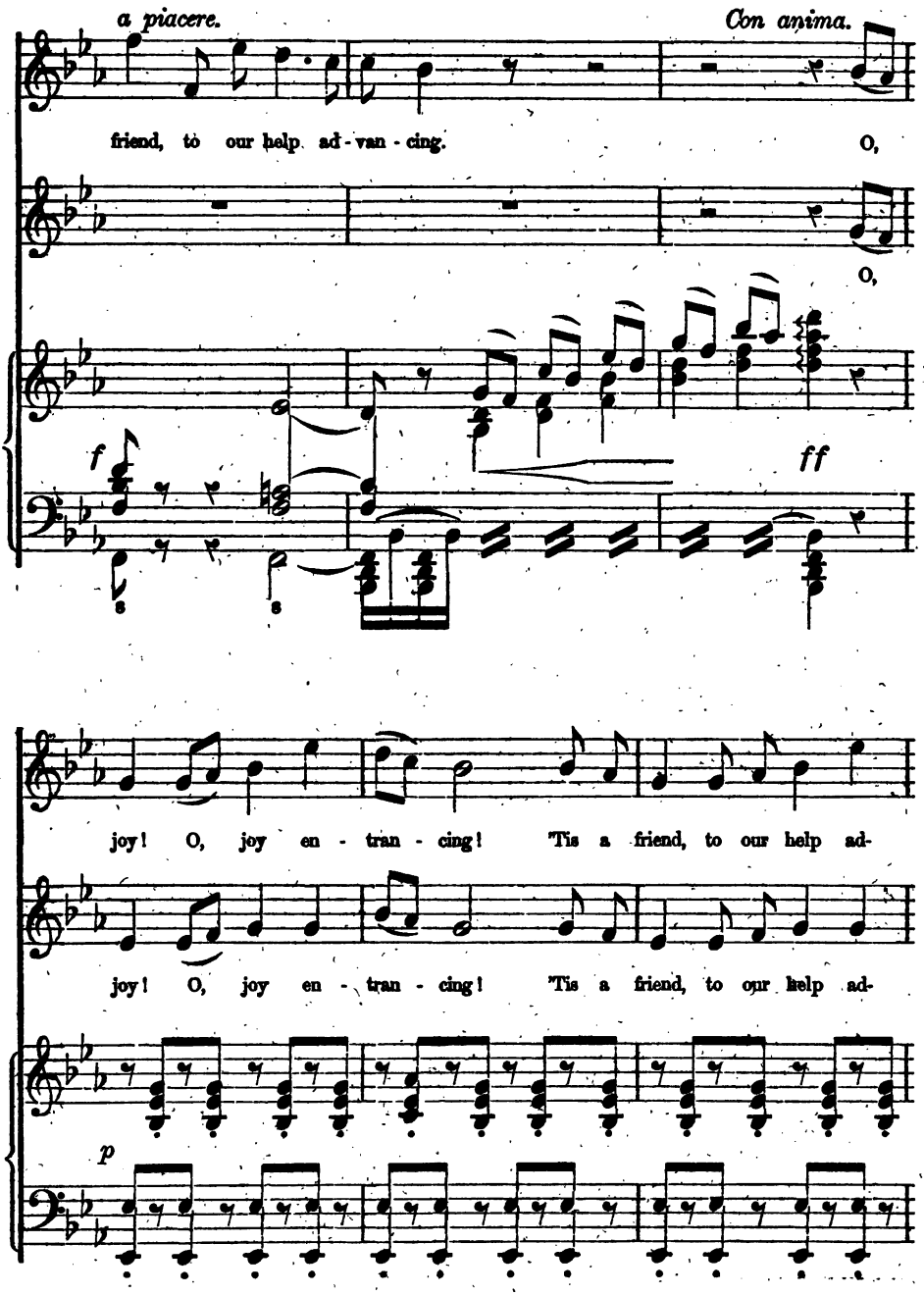

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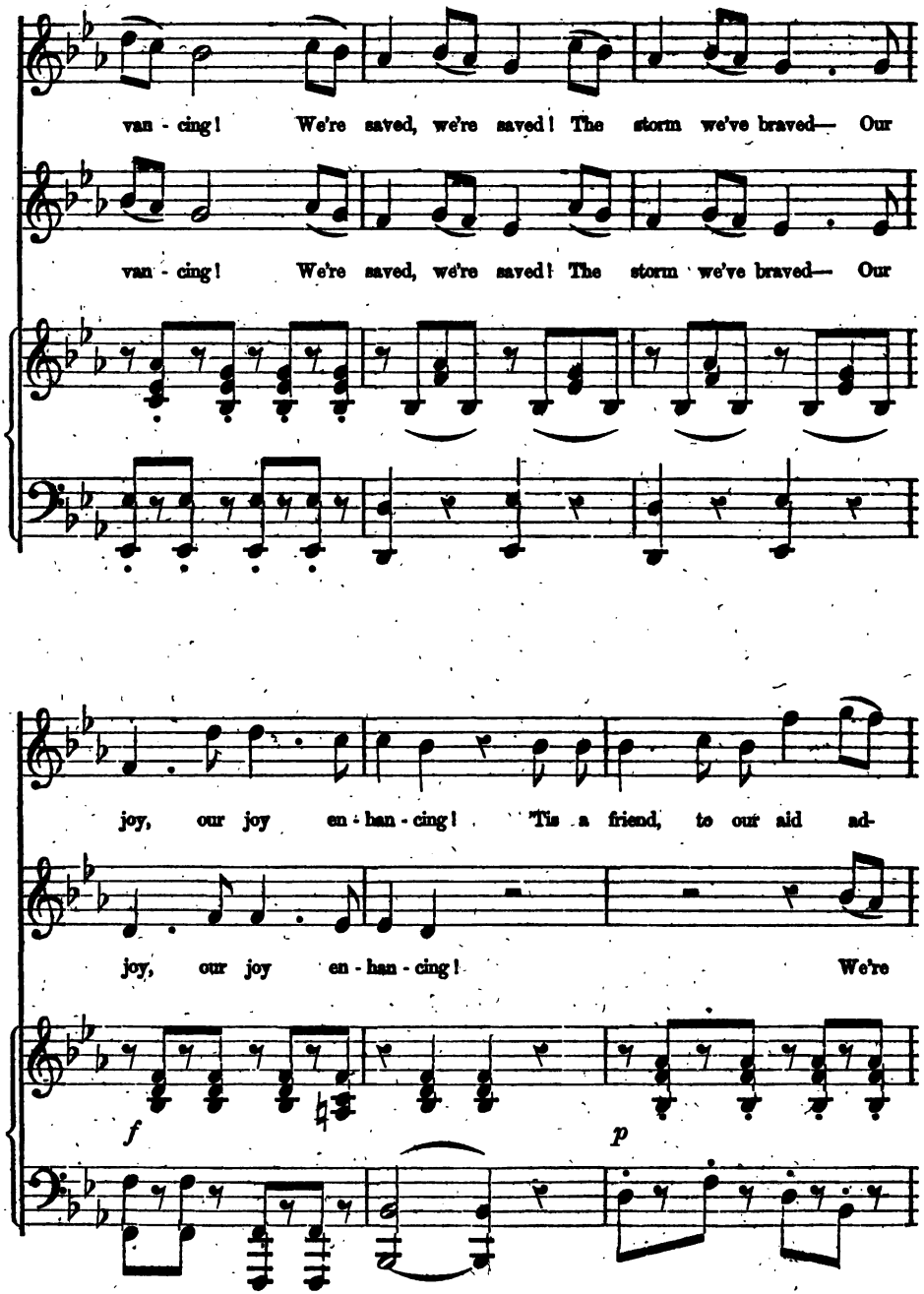

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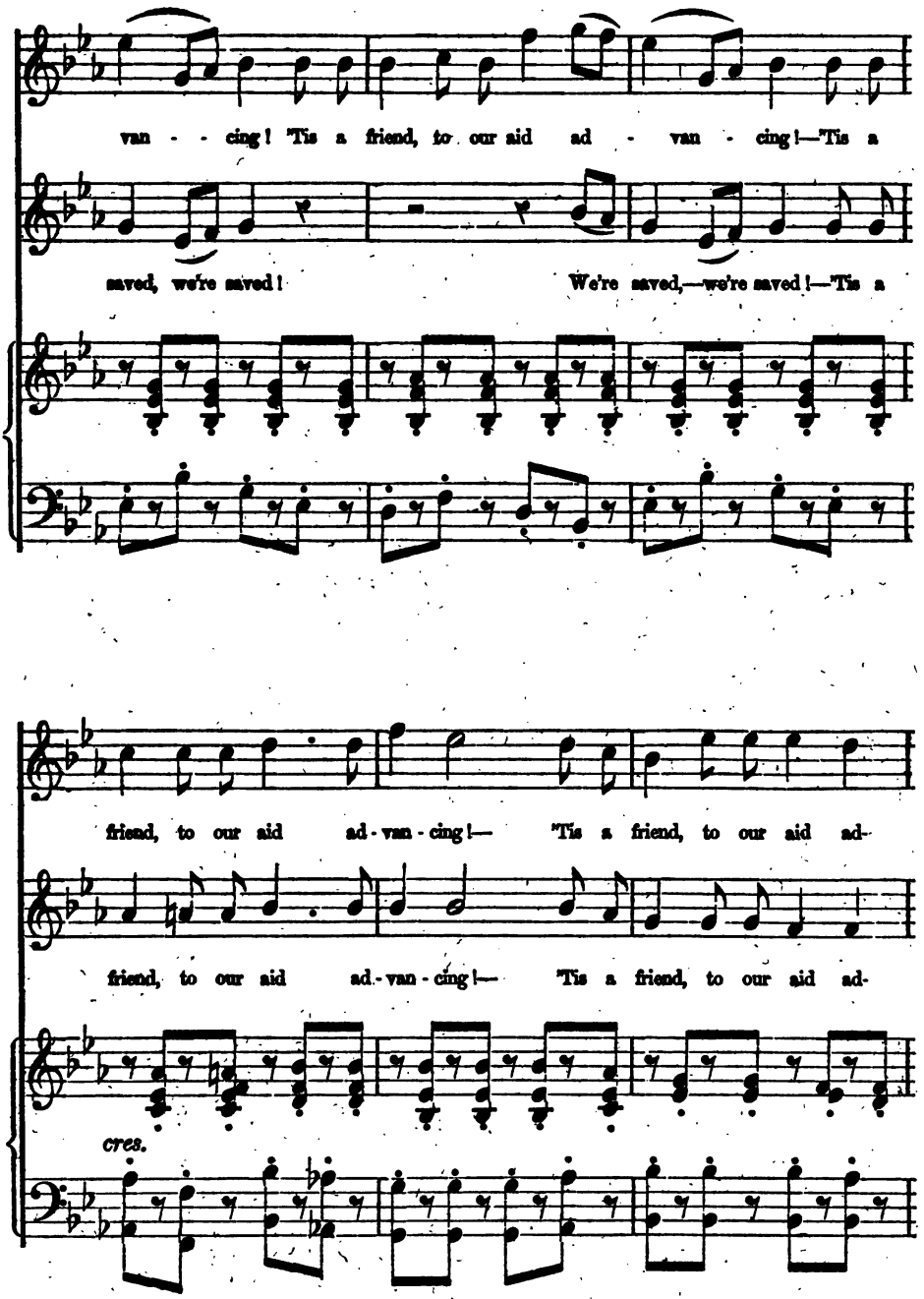

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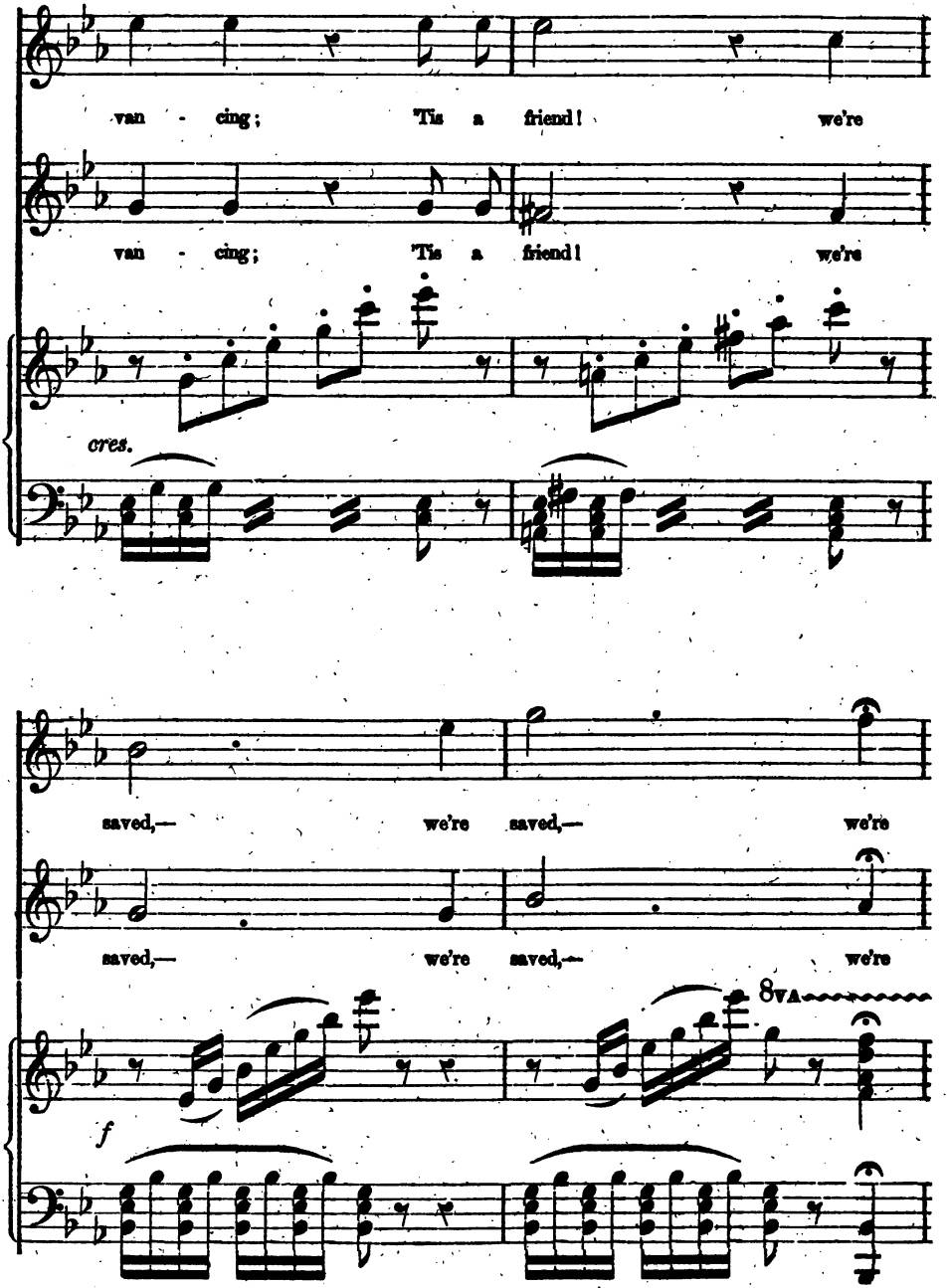

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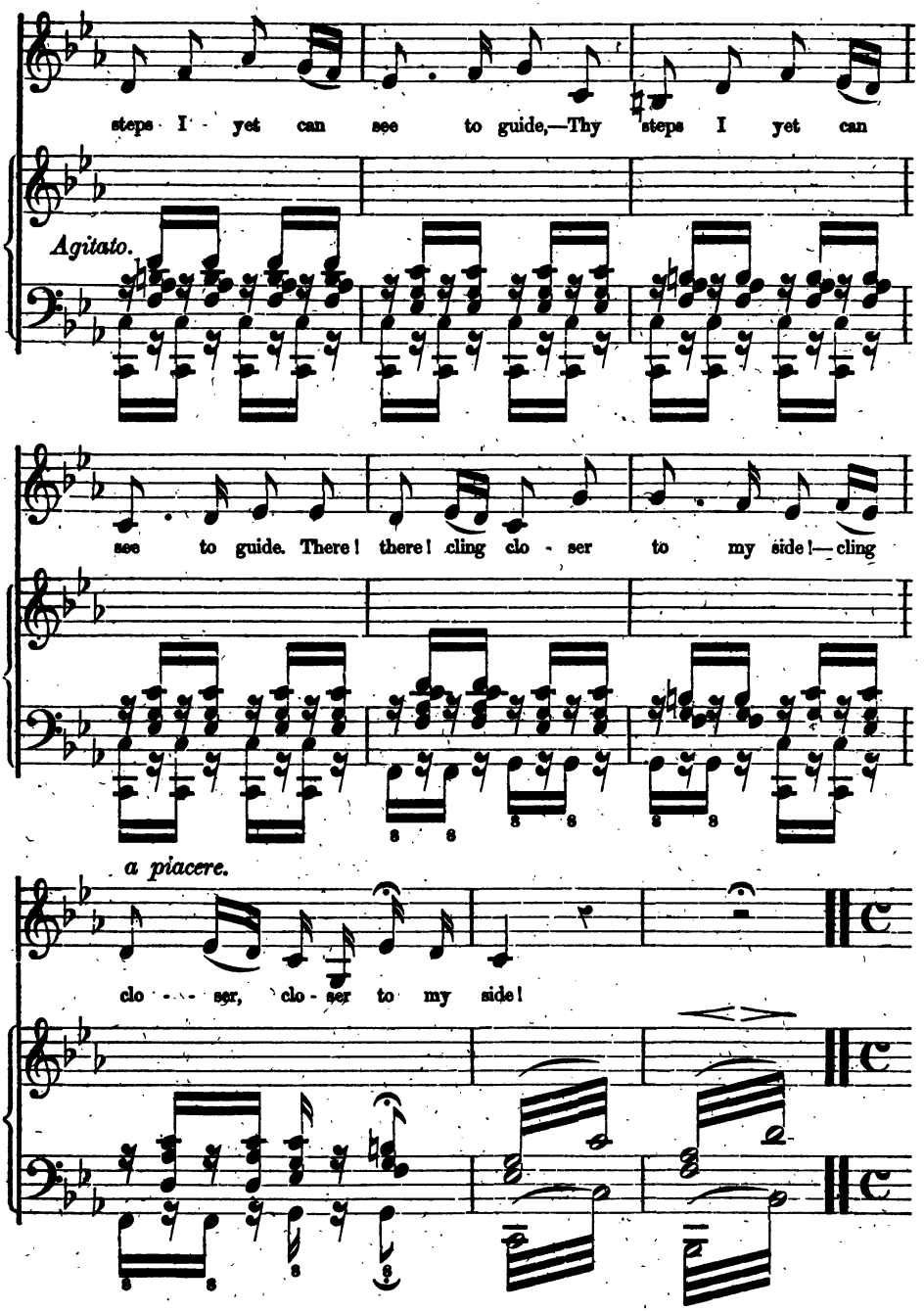

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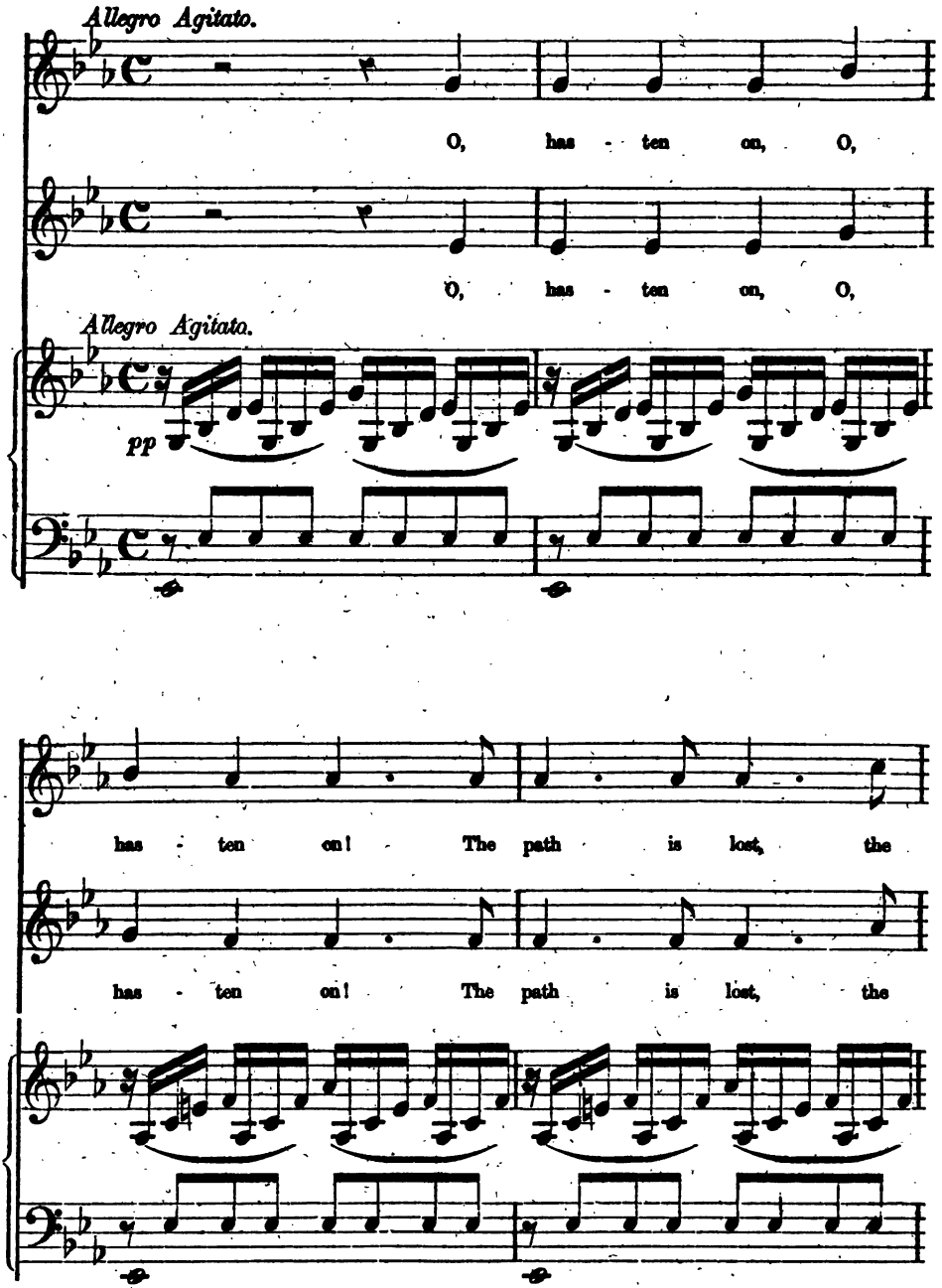

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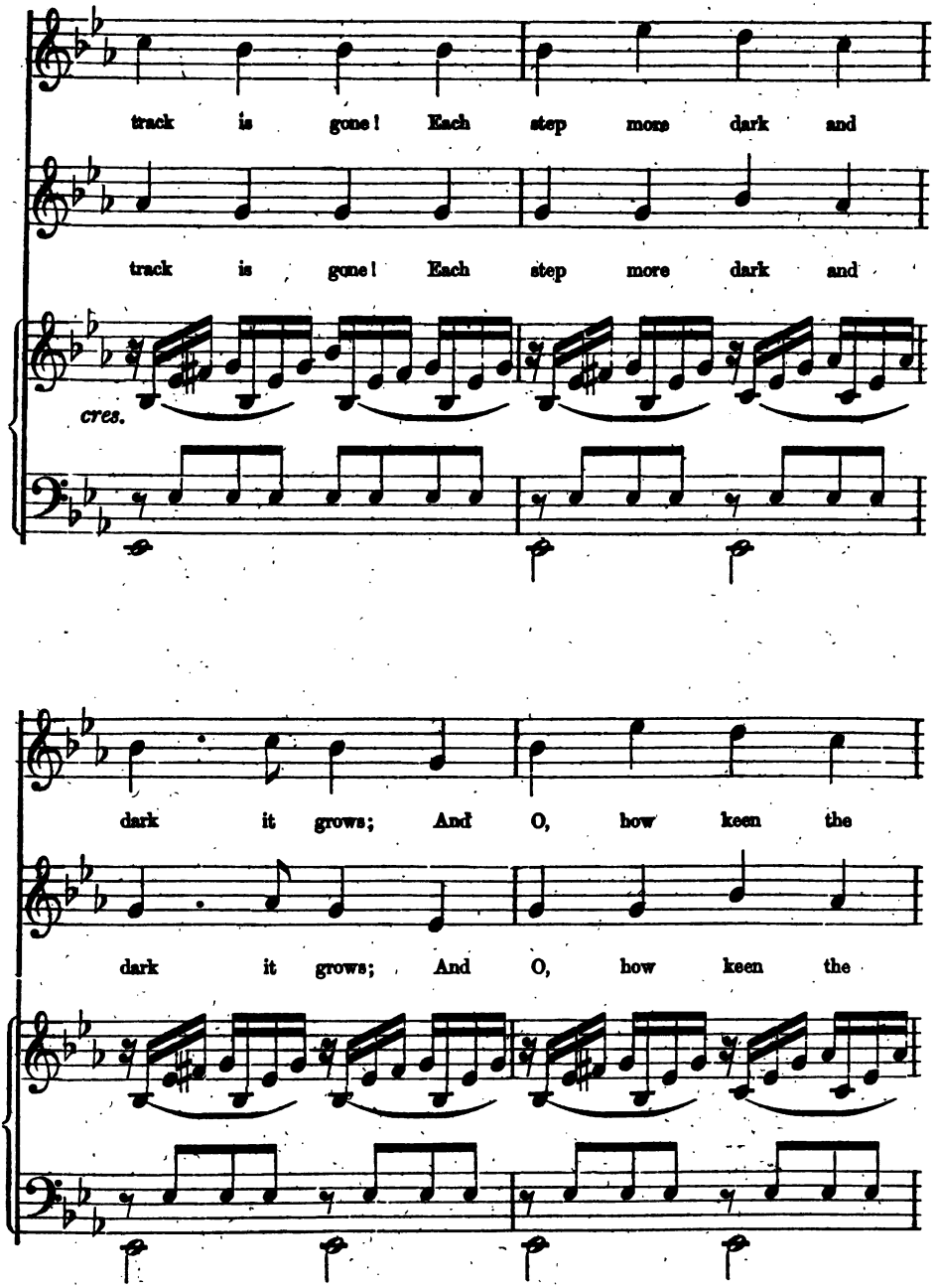

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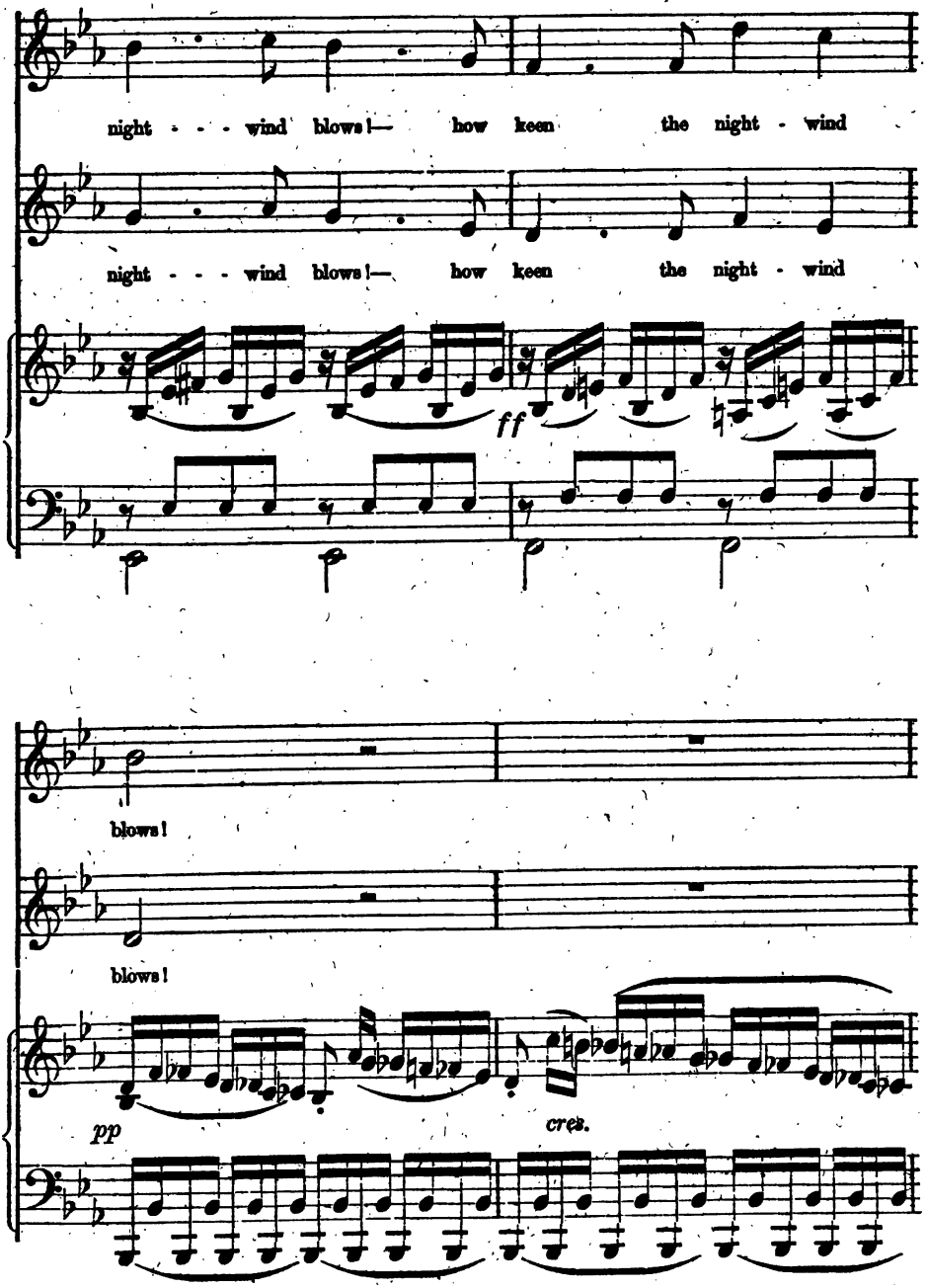

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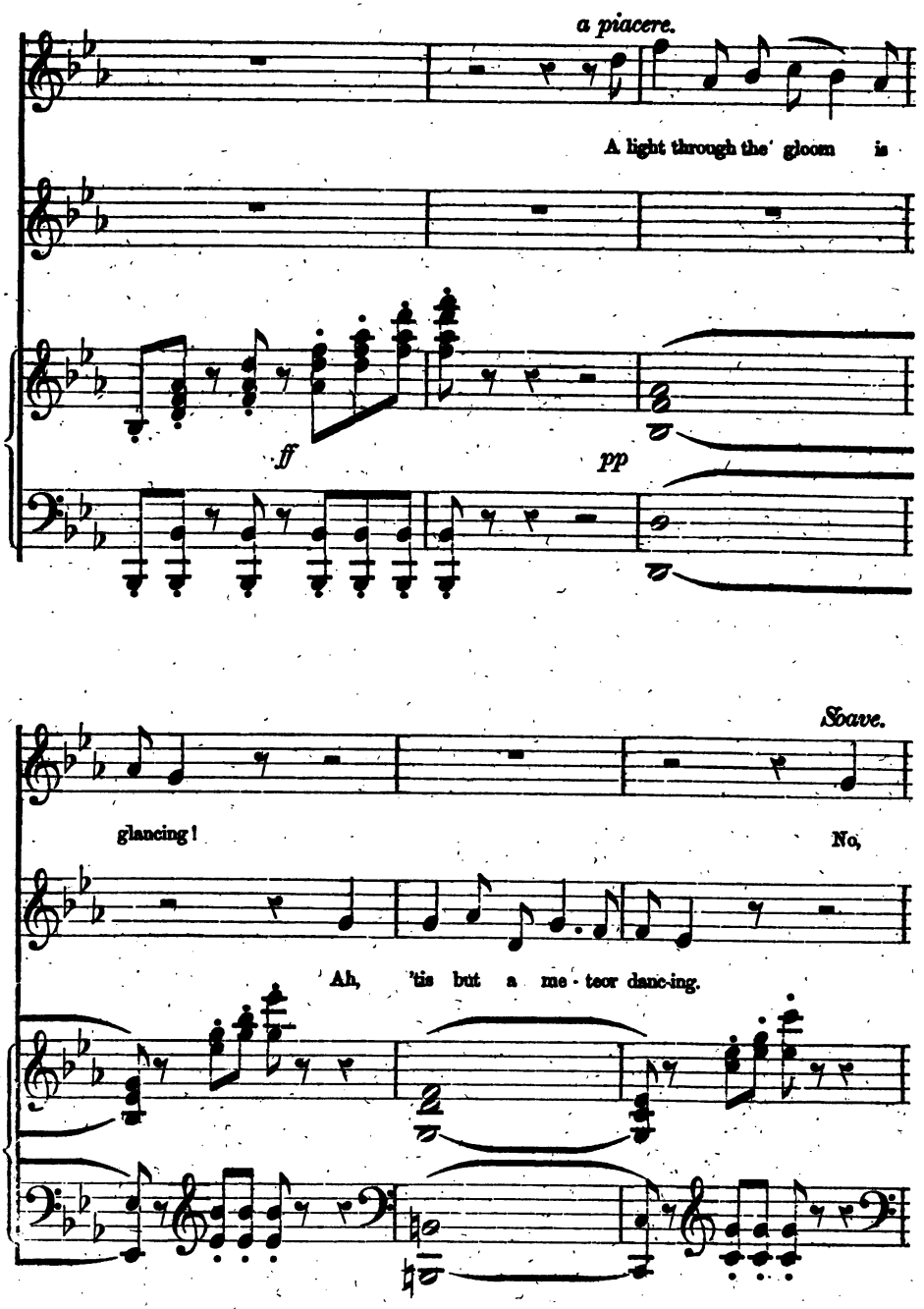

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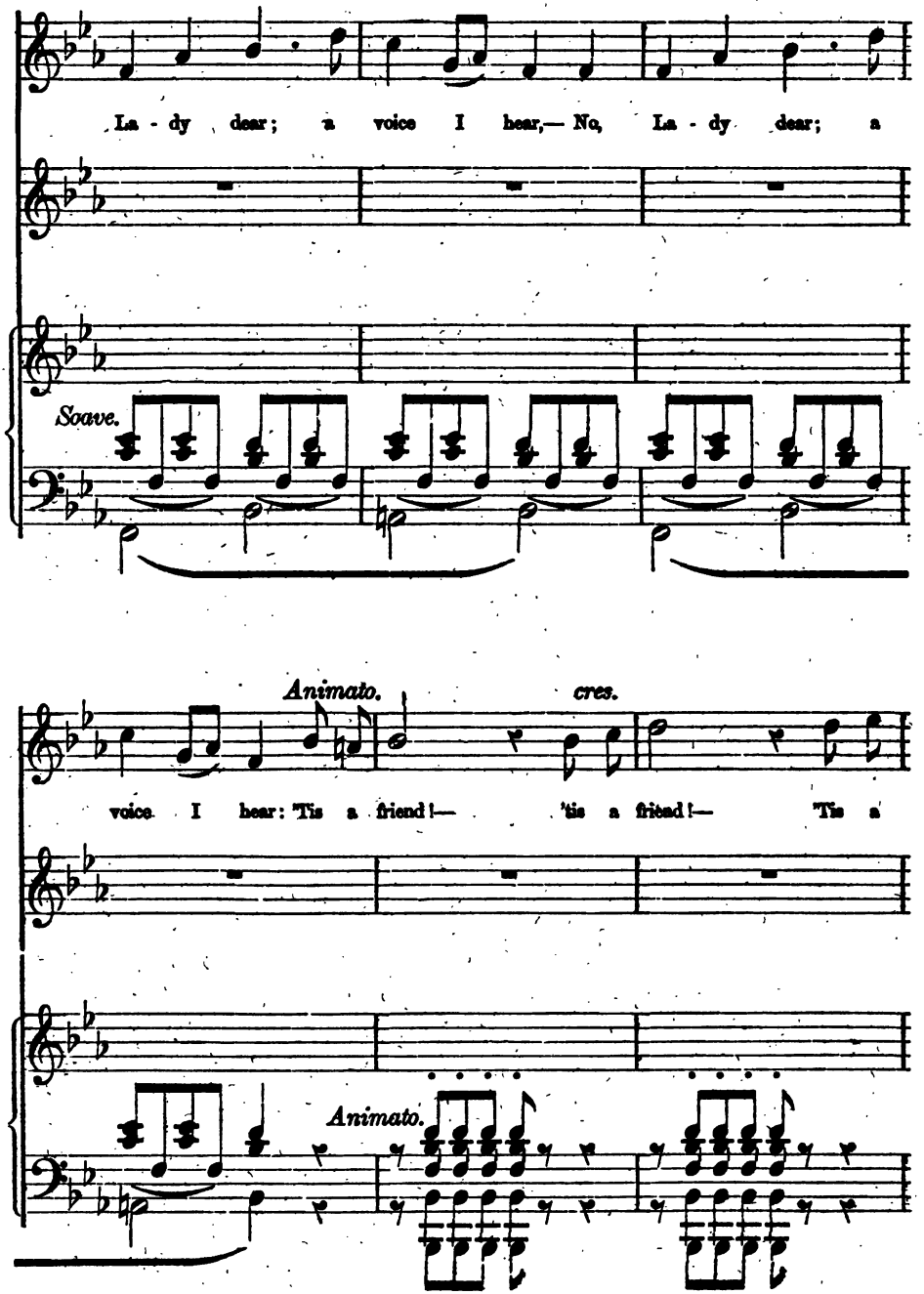

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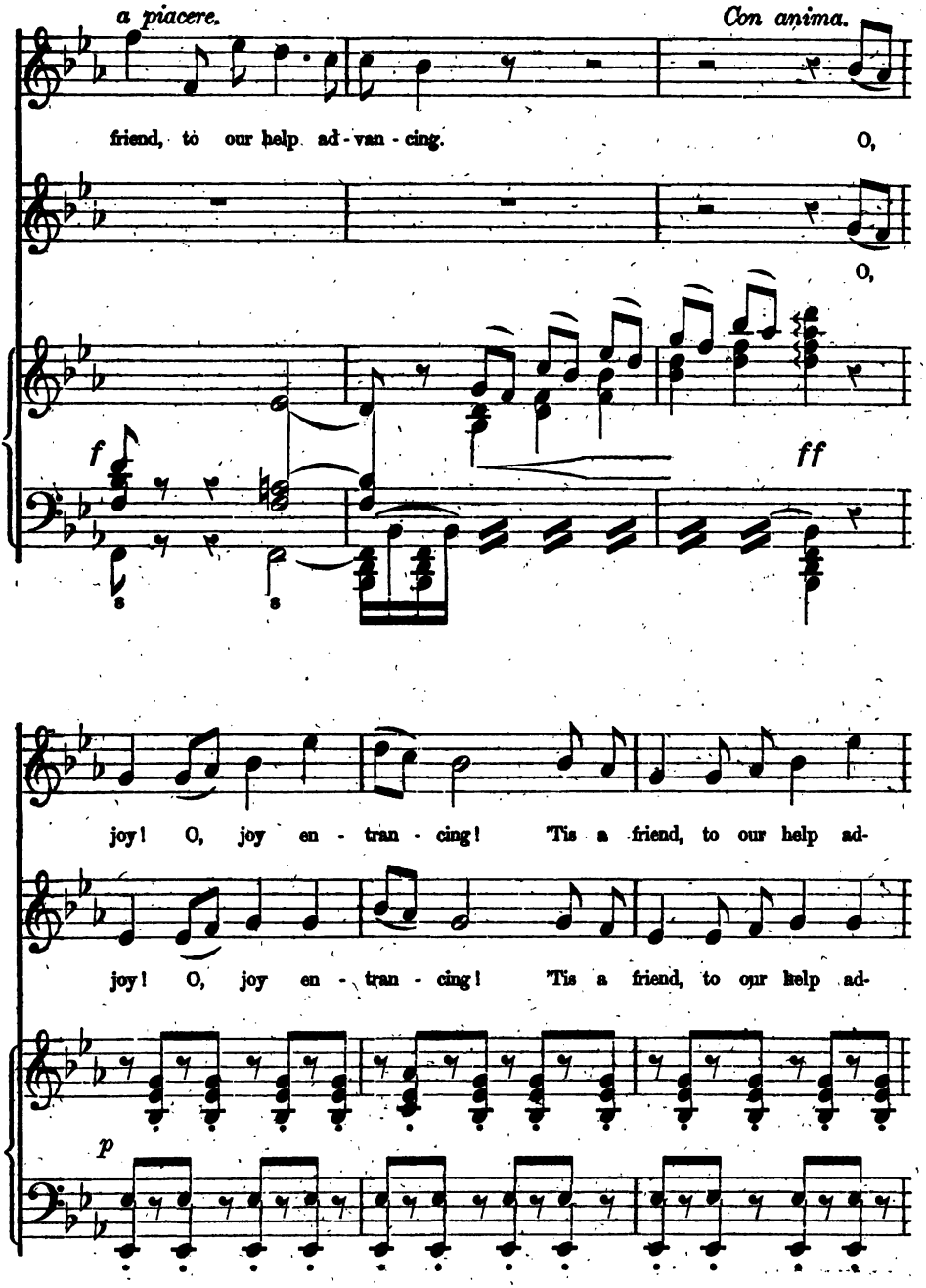

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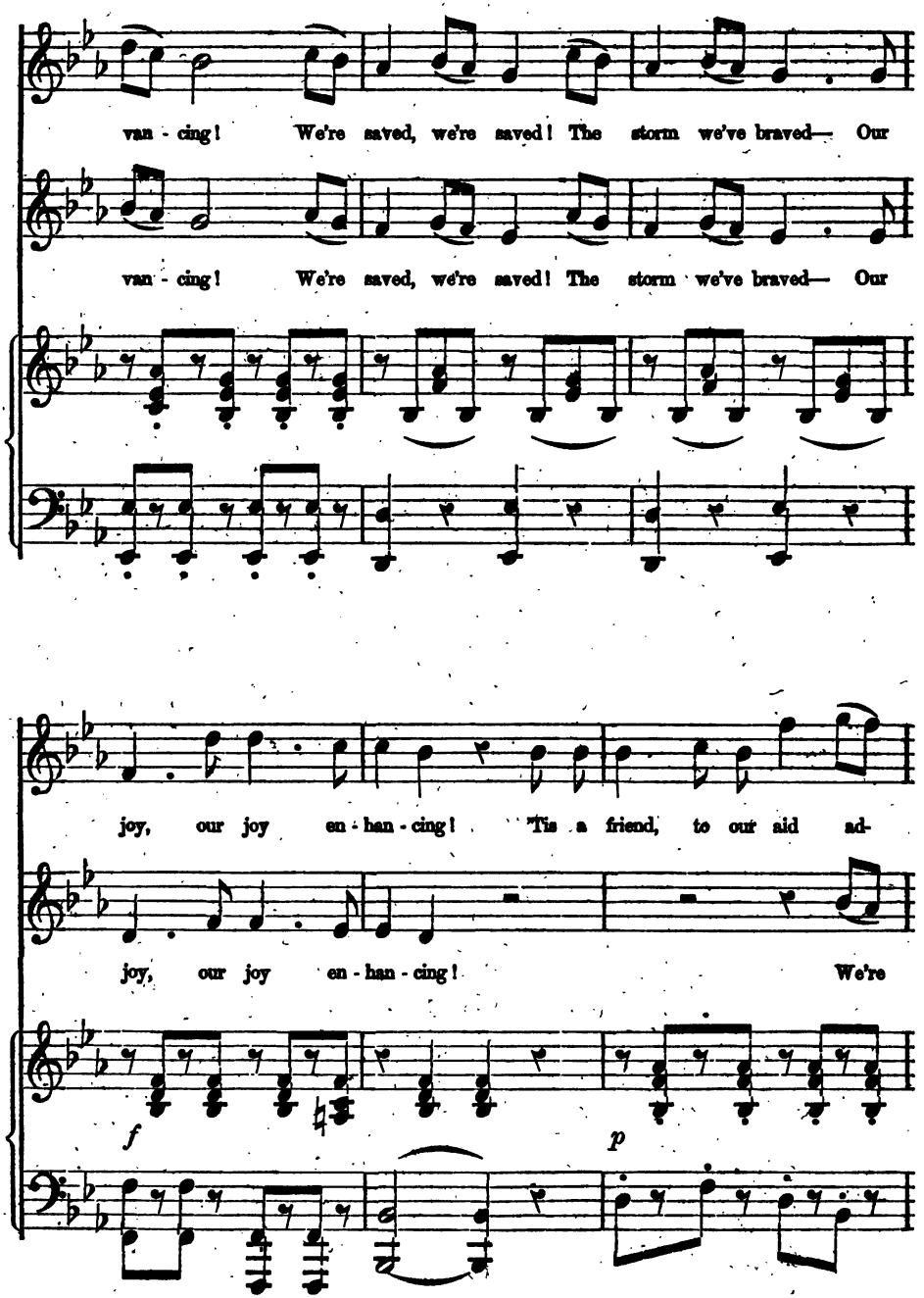

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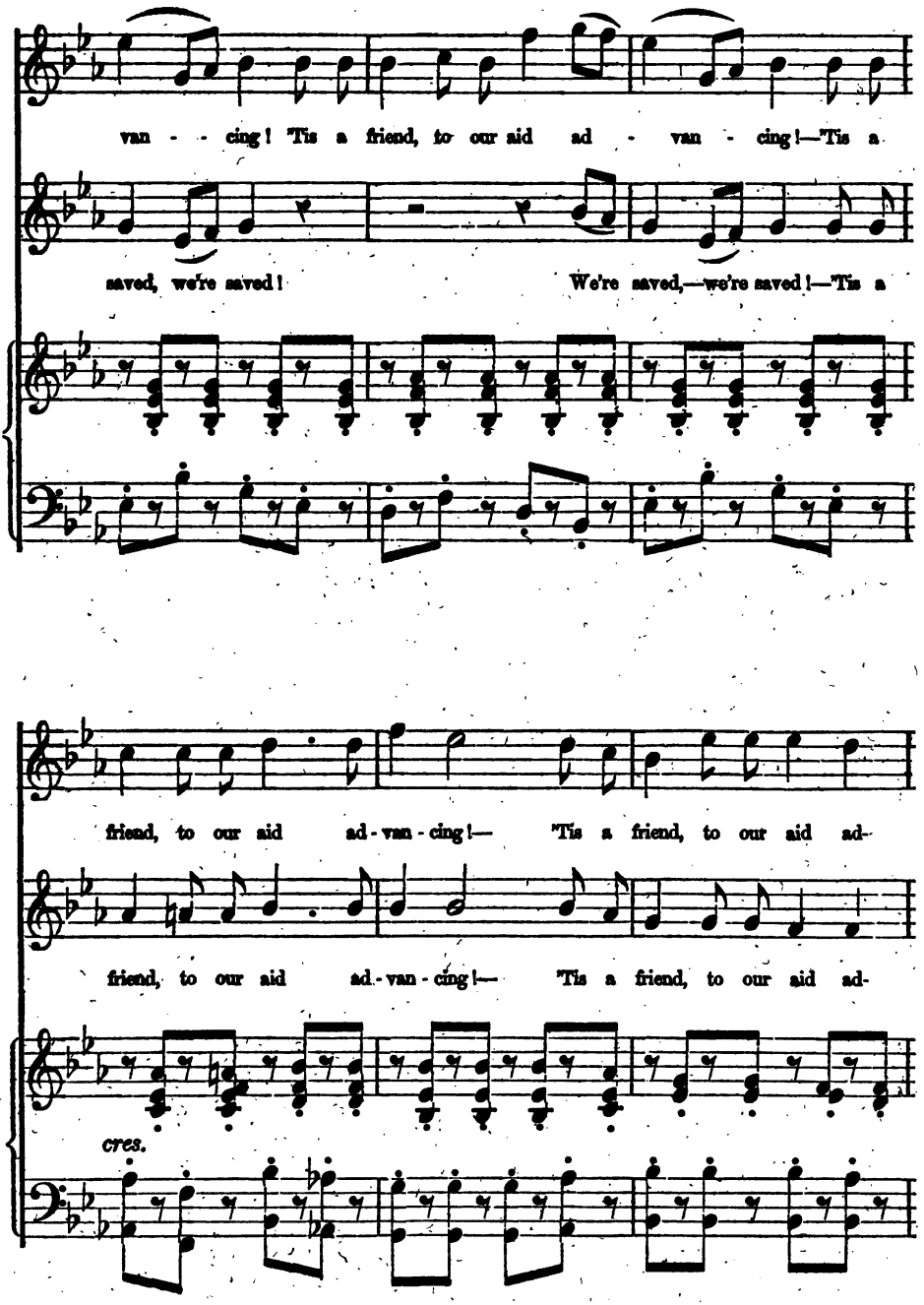

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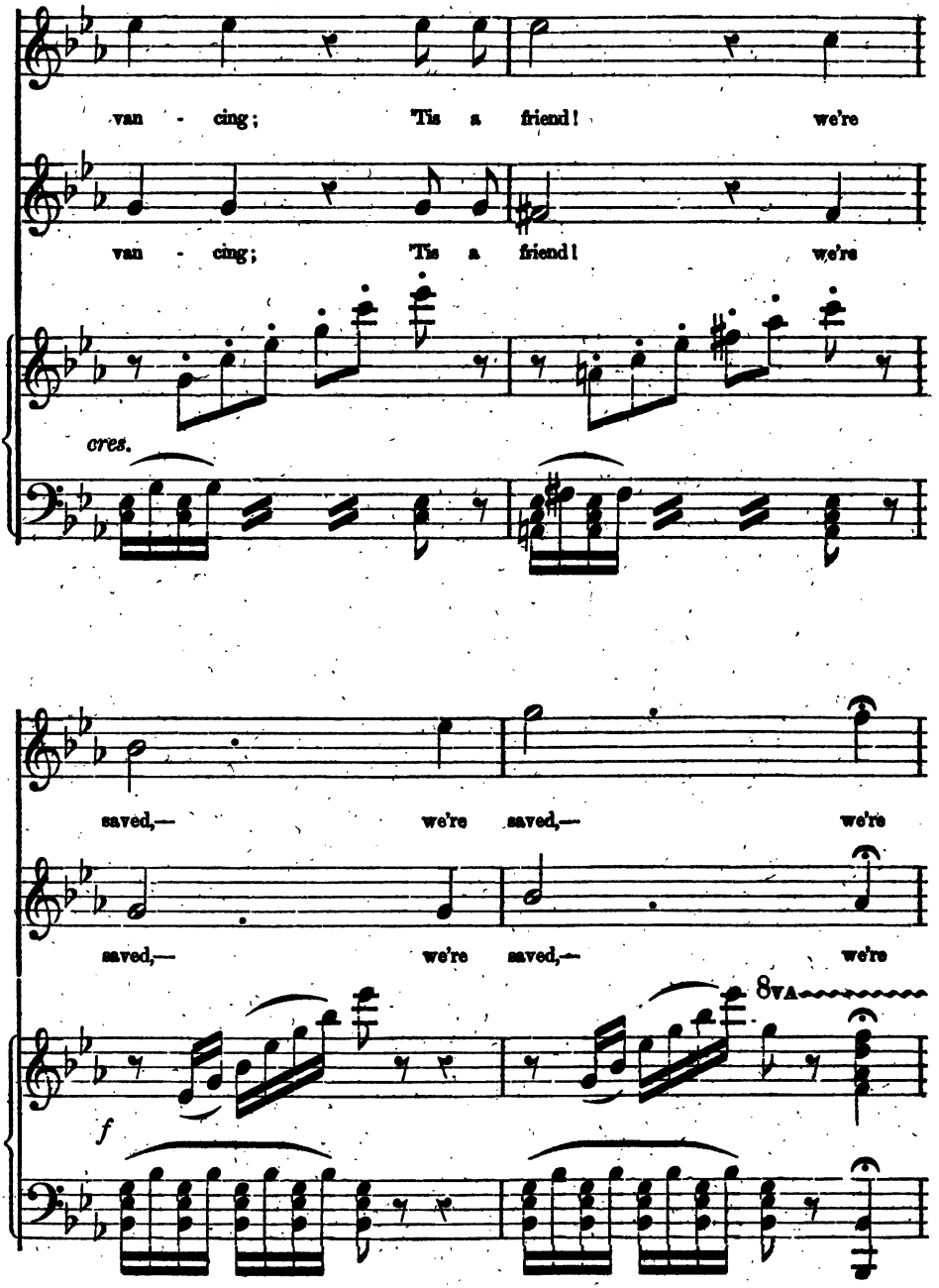

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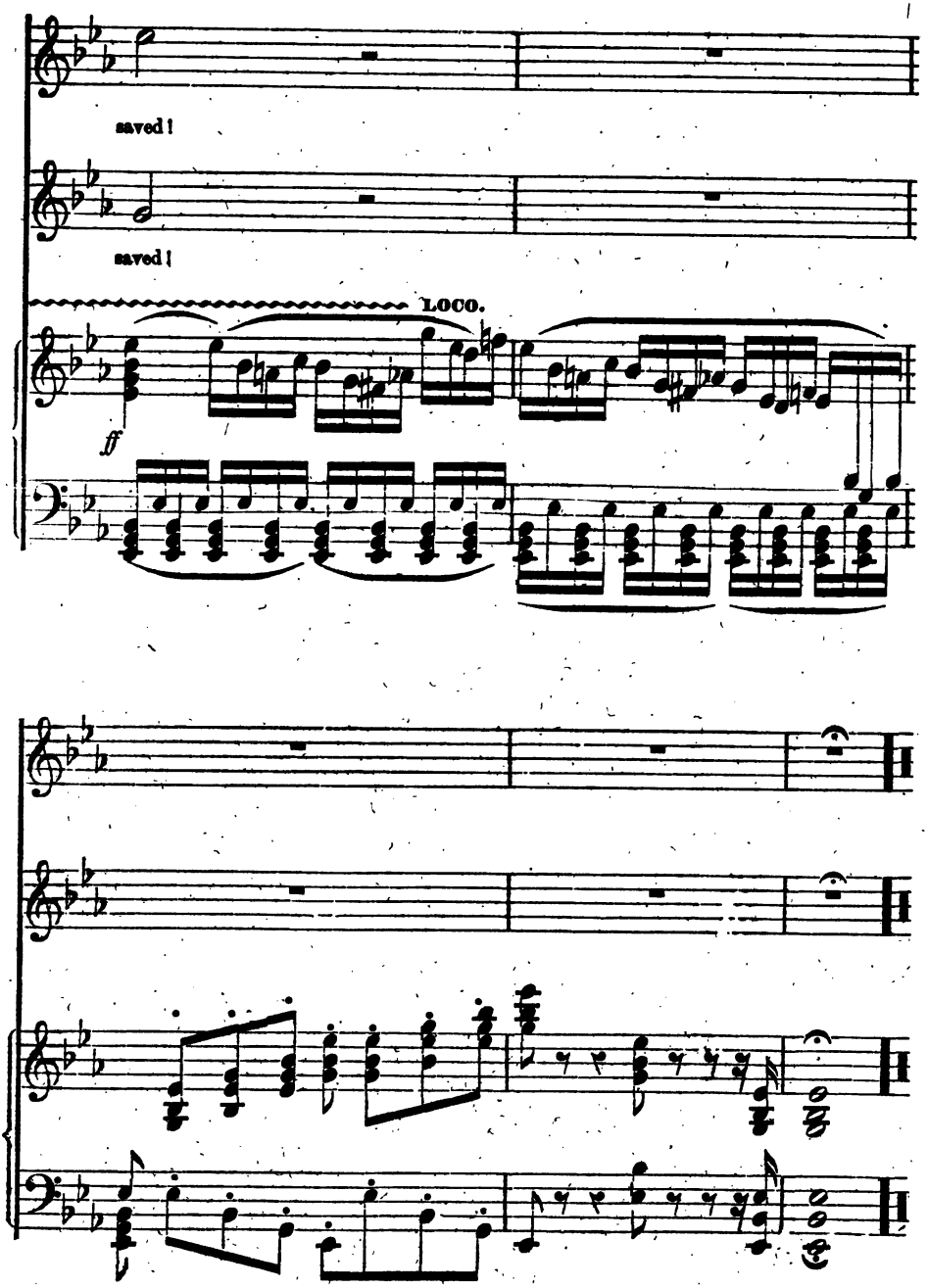

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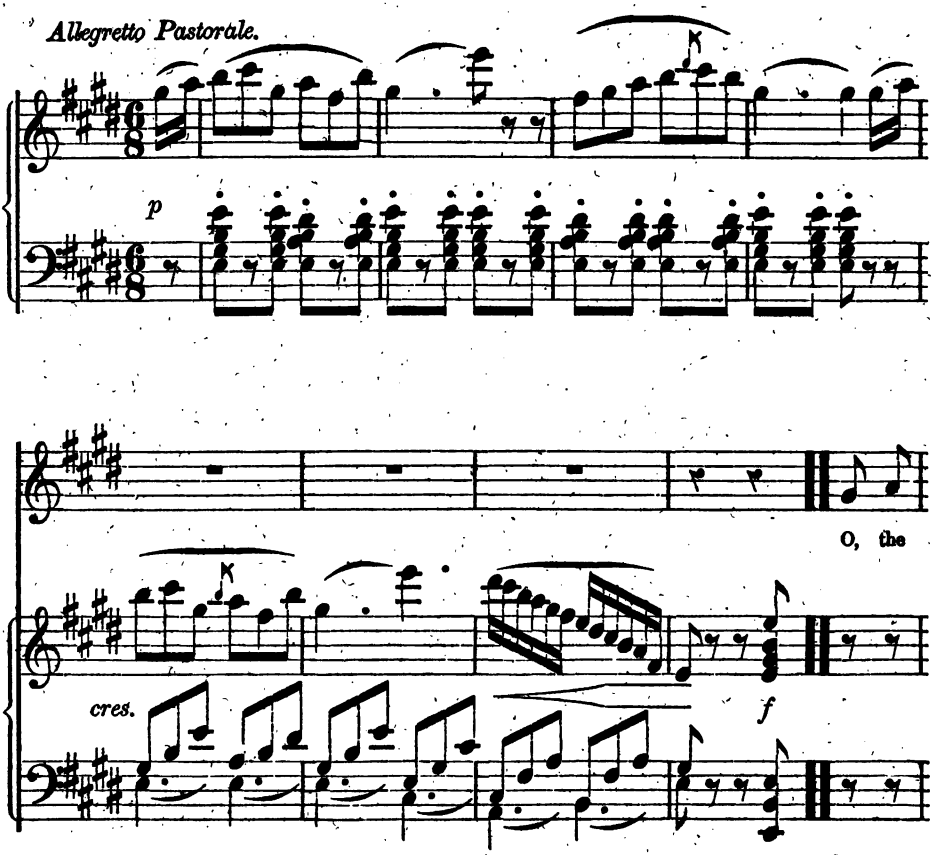
The Wood Ramble.

"Whenever Ellen had a spare hour or two, of a fine morning or afternoon, she made the best of her way to the mountain ... Her heart bounded at the sight; the springing grass was lovely to see; to her each wild wood-flower was a never to be enough admired wonder. Always a basket for flowers went along. She would wander all around, seeking for the white wind-flower and the wild geranium."—*Chapter XXXIII.*

Written by W. H. Bellamy. **The Music by C. W. Glover.**



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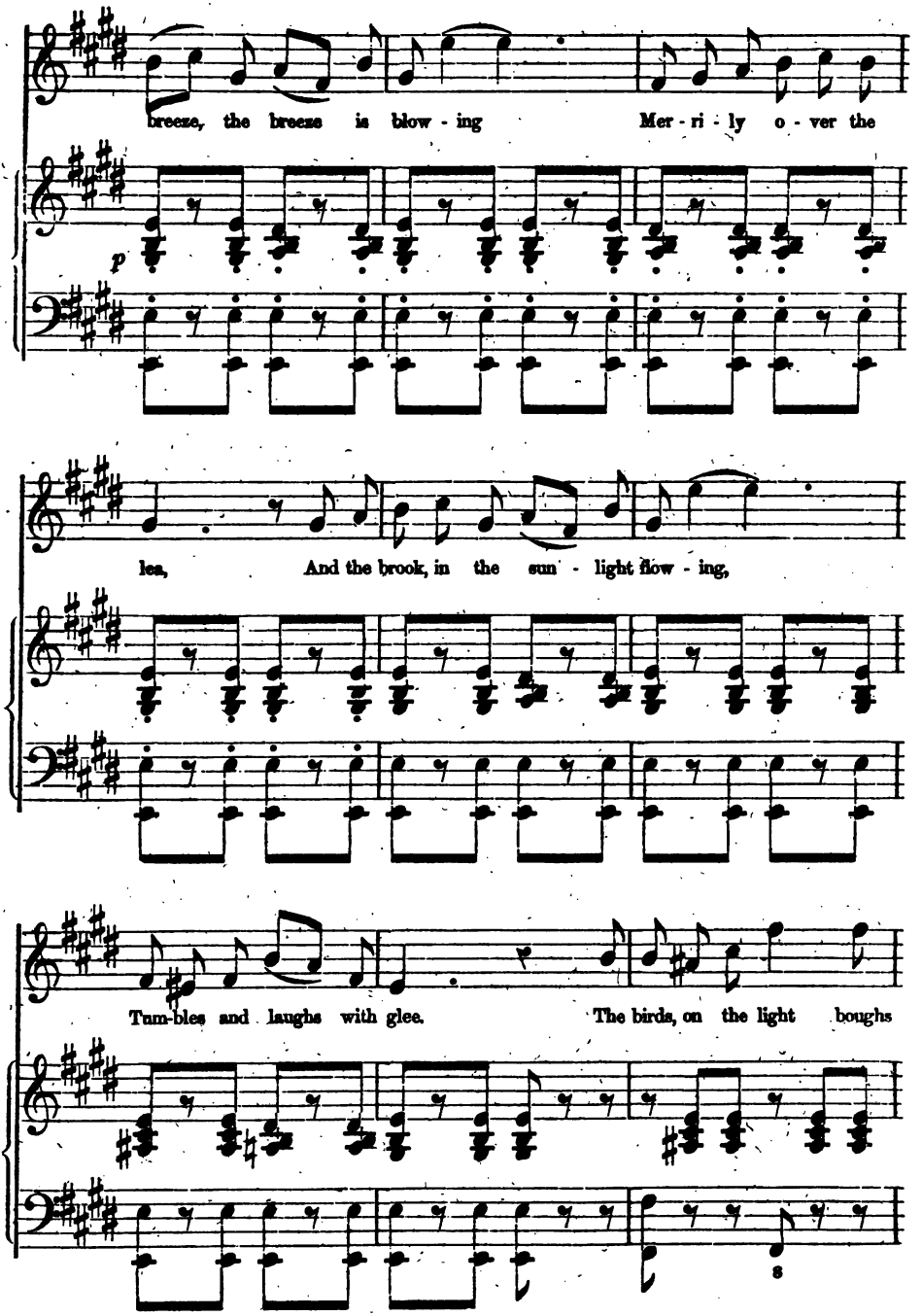

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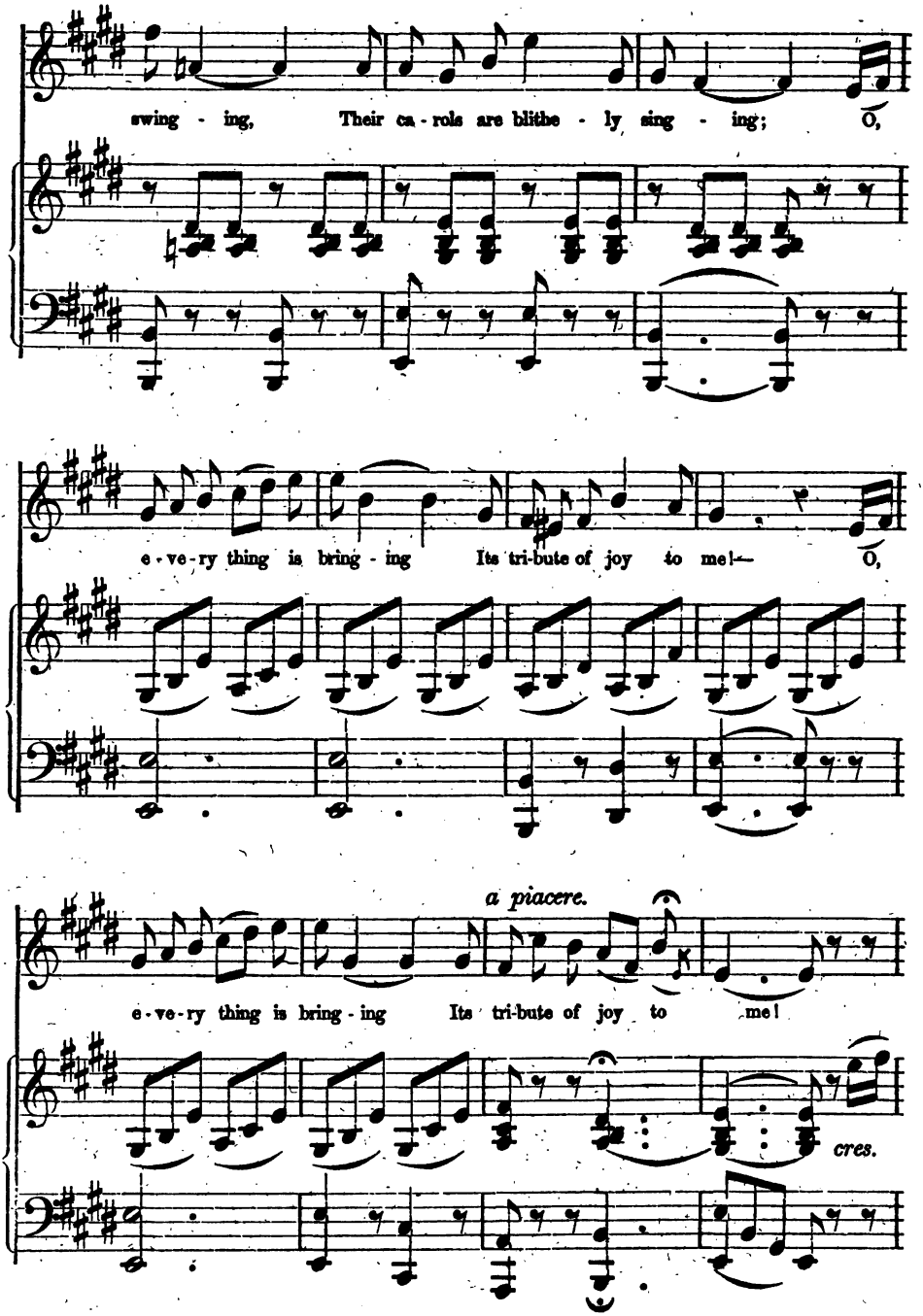

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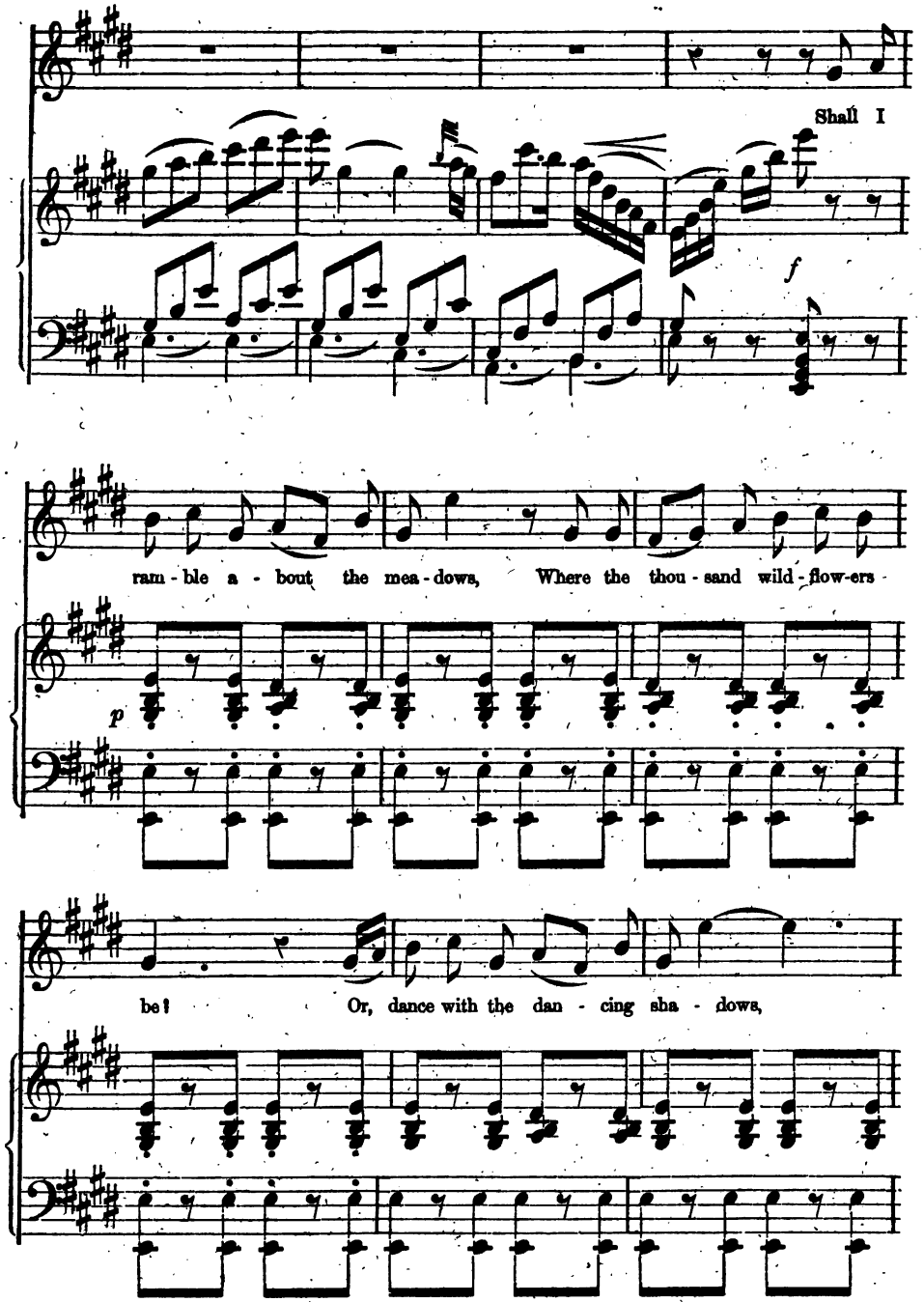

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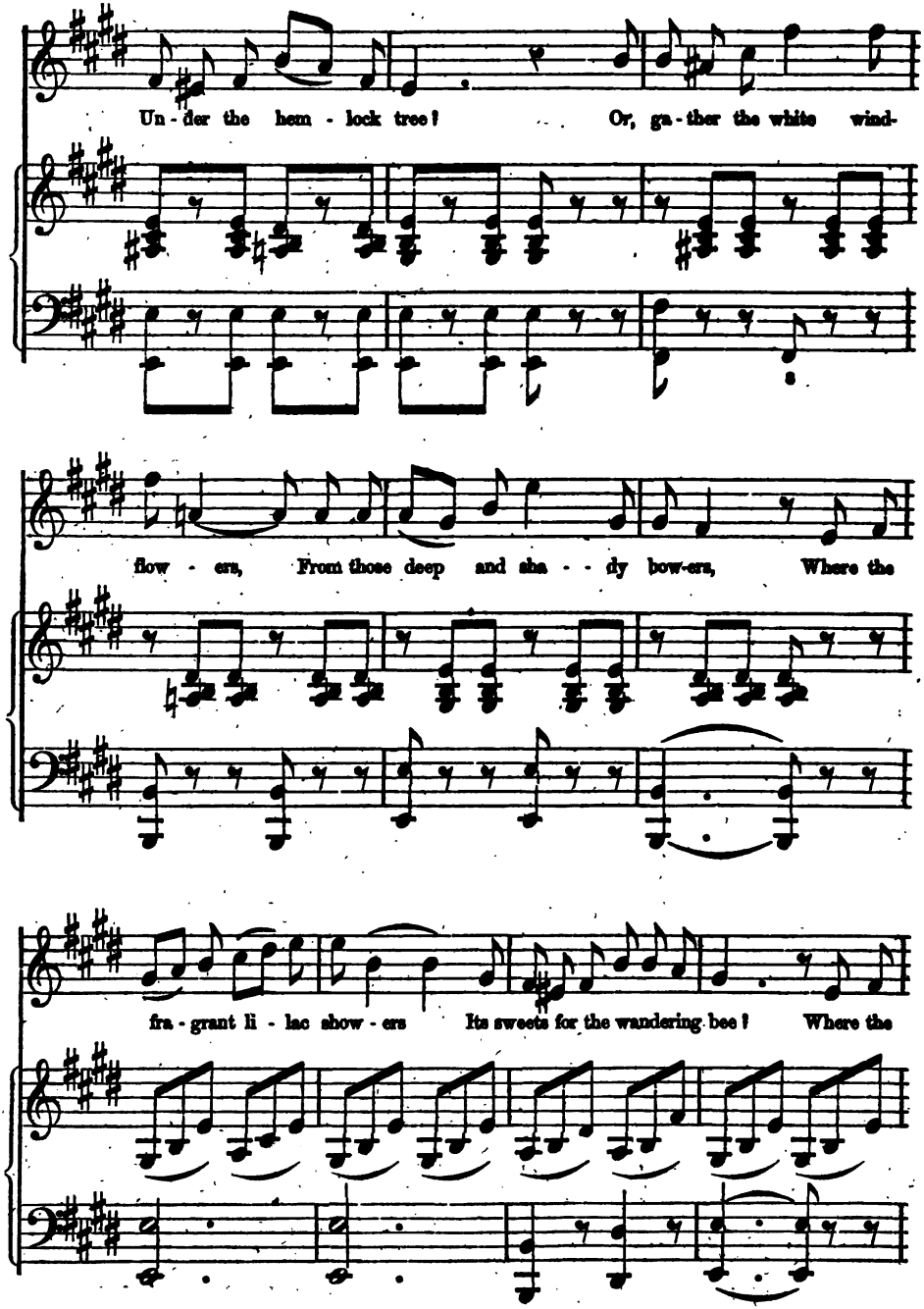

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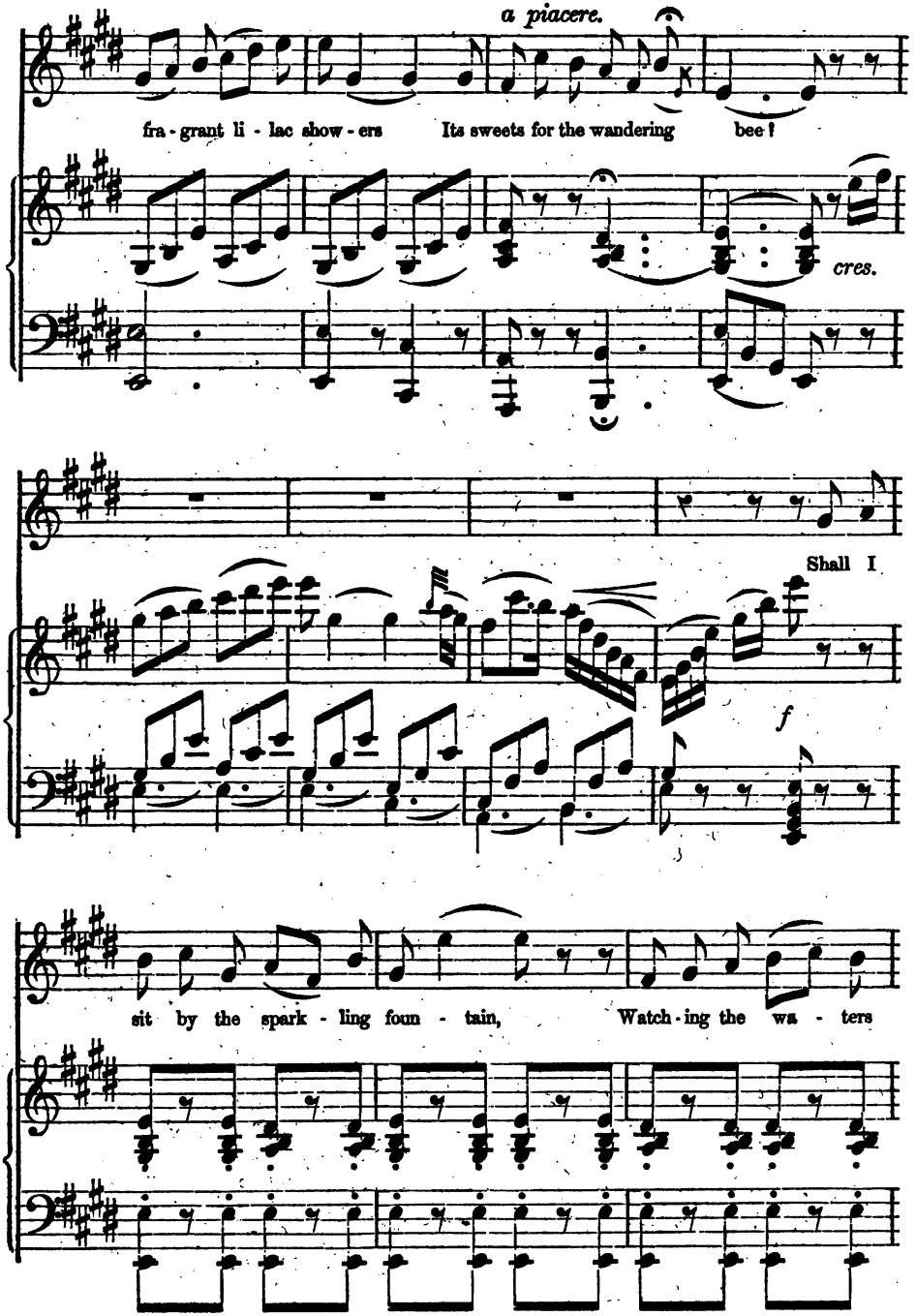

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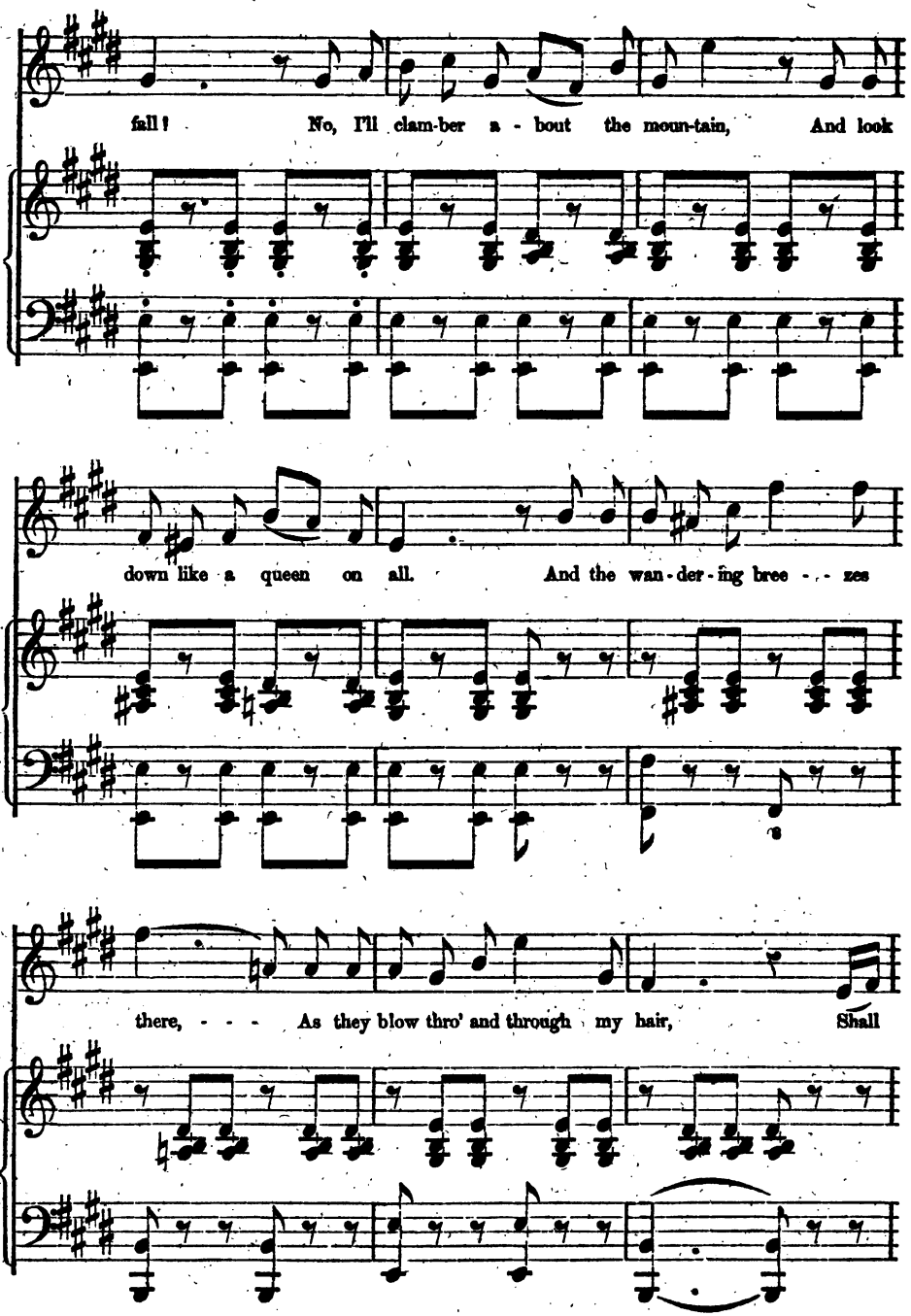

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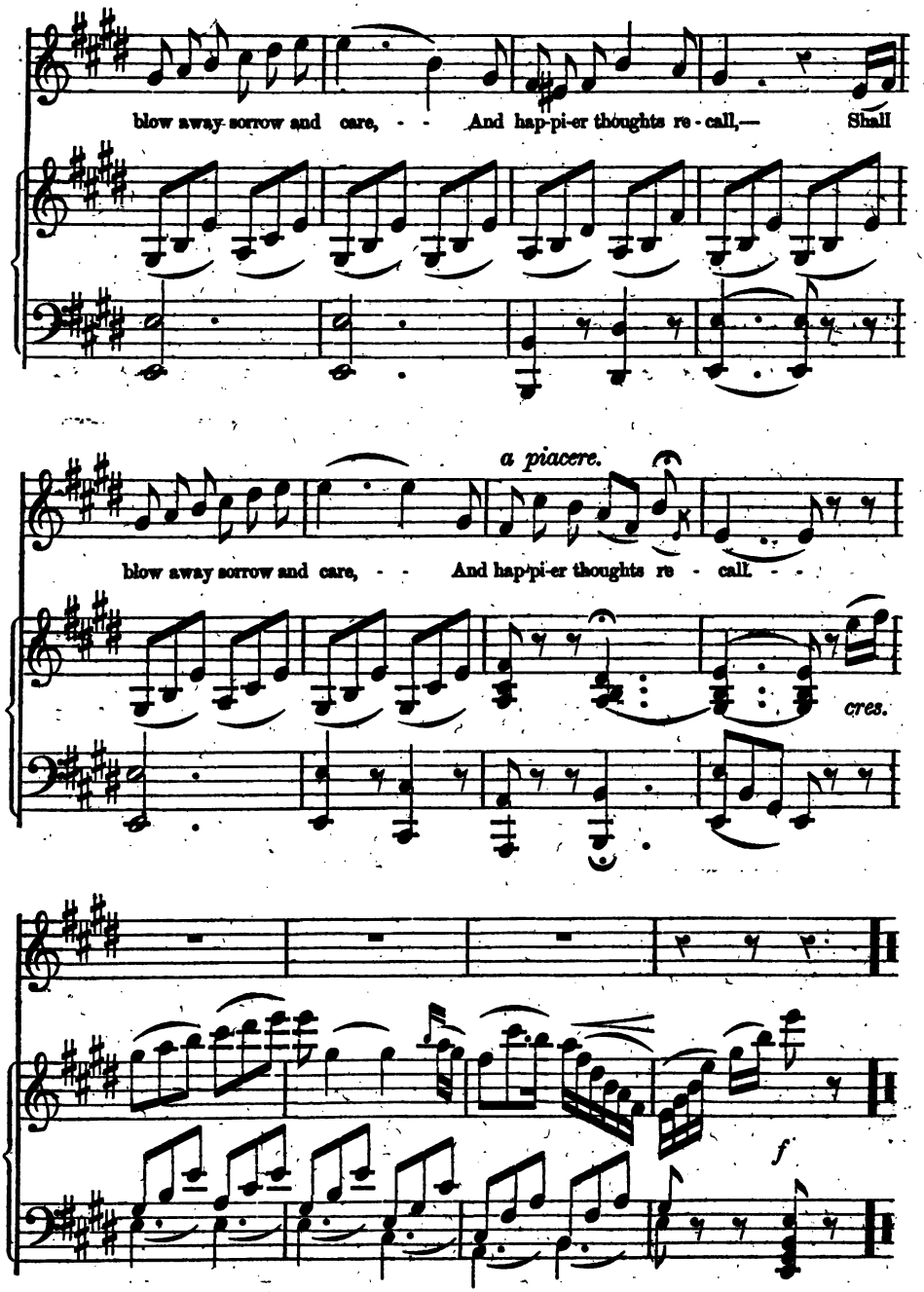

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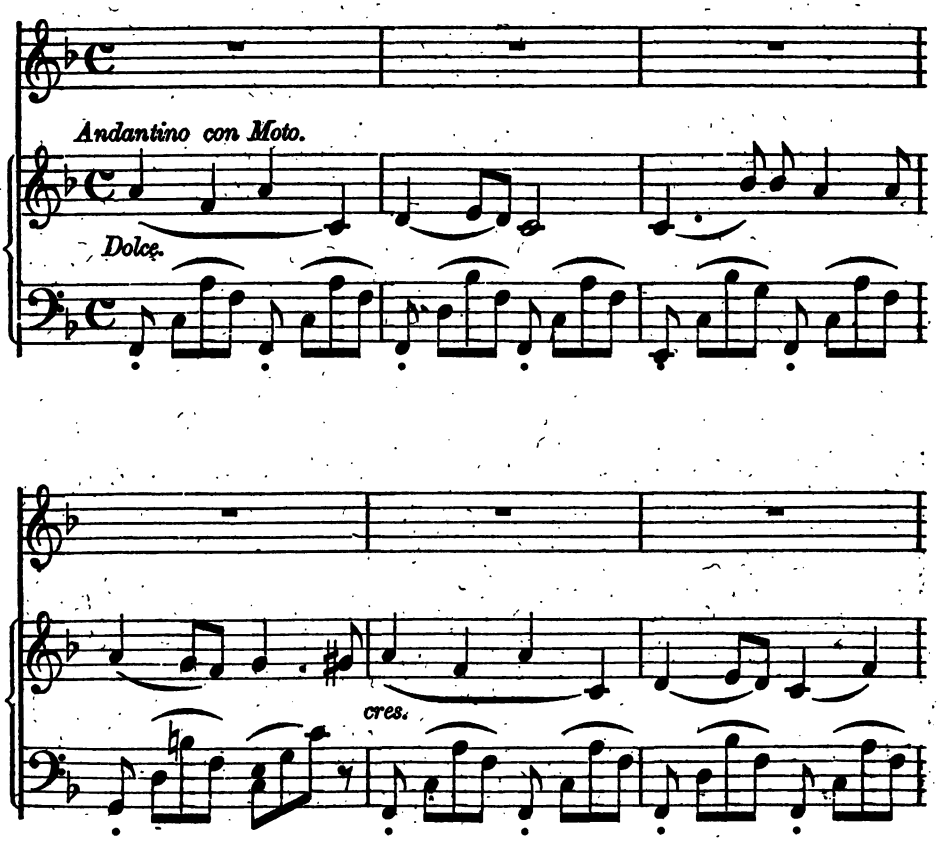
"Lovely, Lovely all Below."

"Look up, Ellie—look out again. Lovely, lovely all that is; but I know Heaven is a great deal more lovely. Feasted as our eyes are with beauty, I believe that eye has not seen nor heart imagined the things that God has prepared for them that love him. *You* believe that, Ellie. You must not be very sorry that I have gone to see it before you."

Chapter XLI.

Written by W. H. Bellamy. **The Music by C. W. Glover.**



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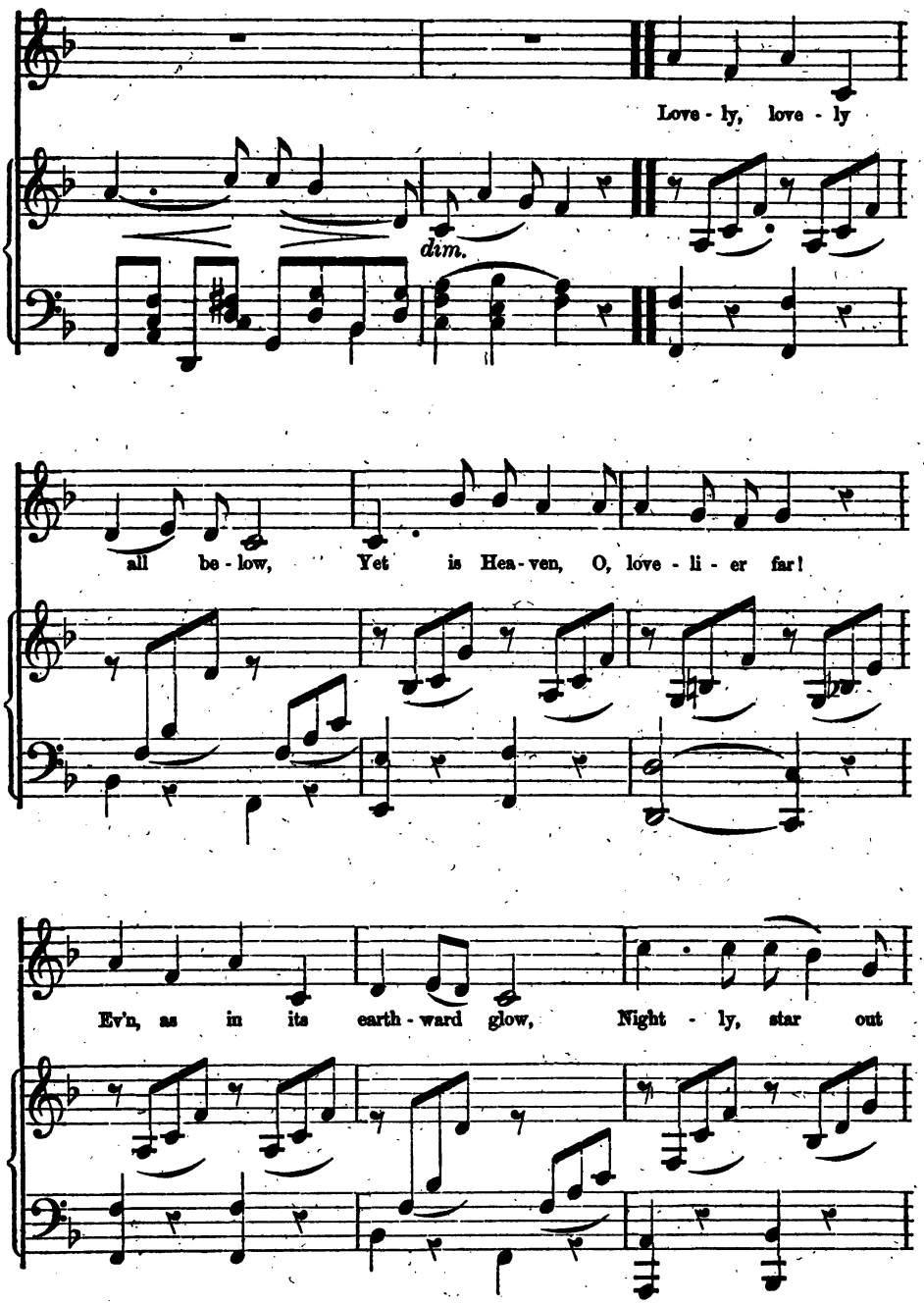

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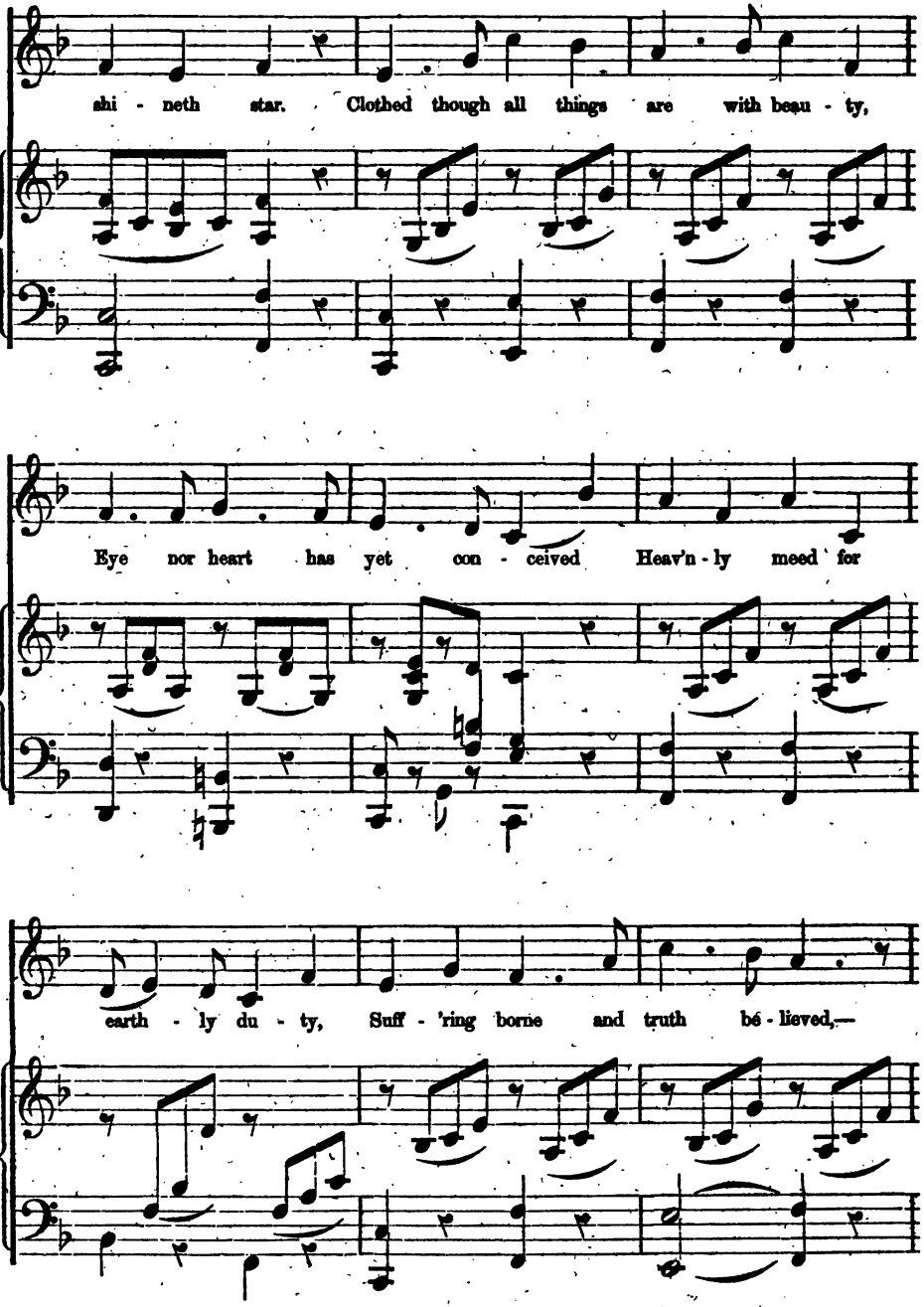

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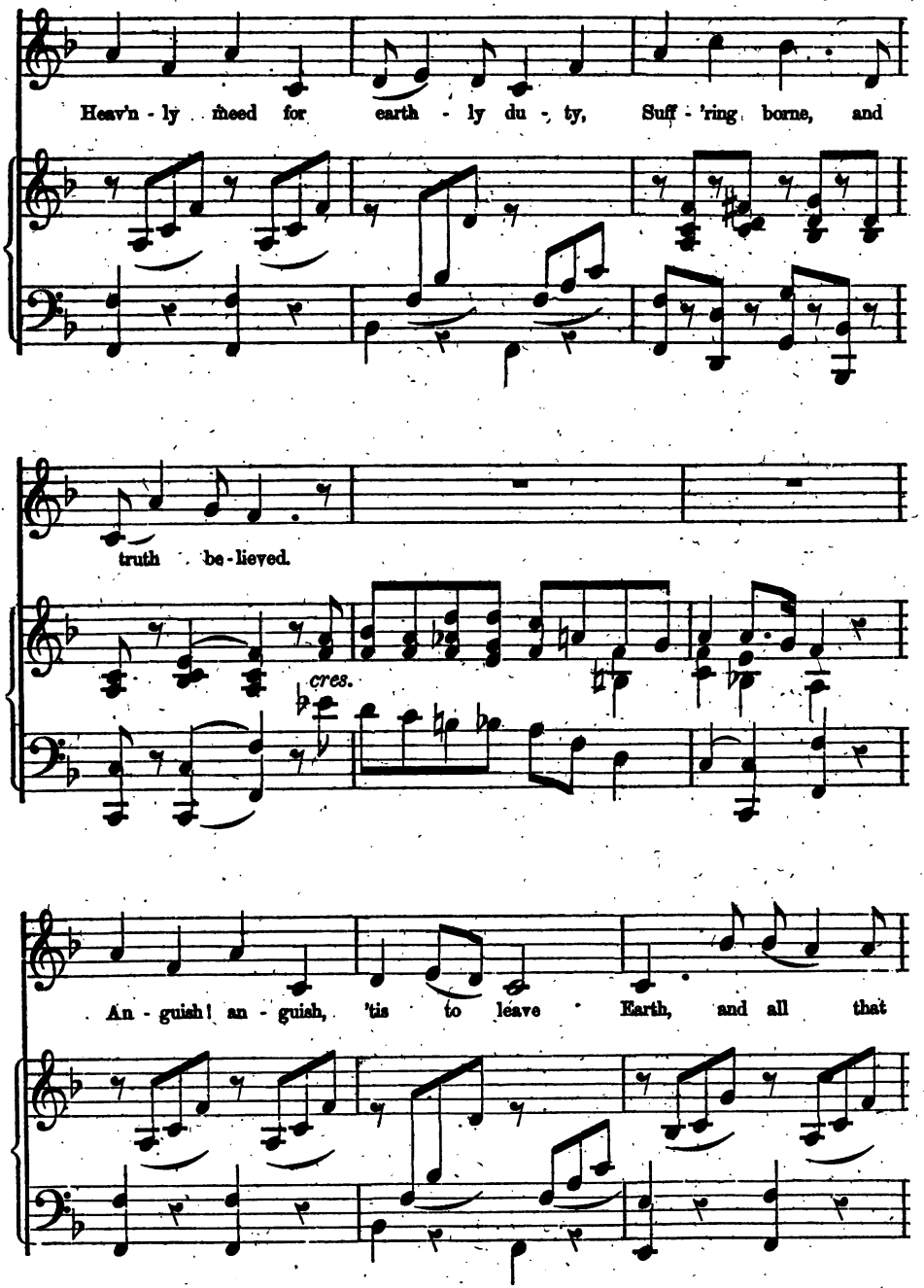

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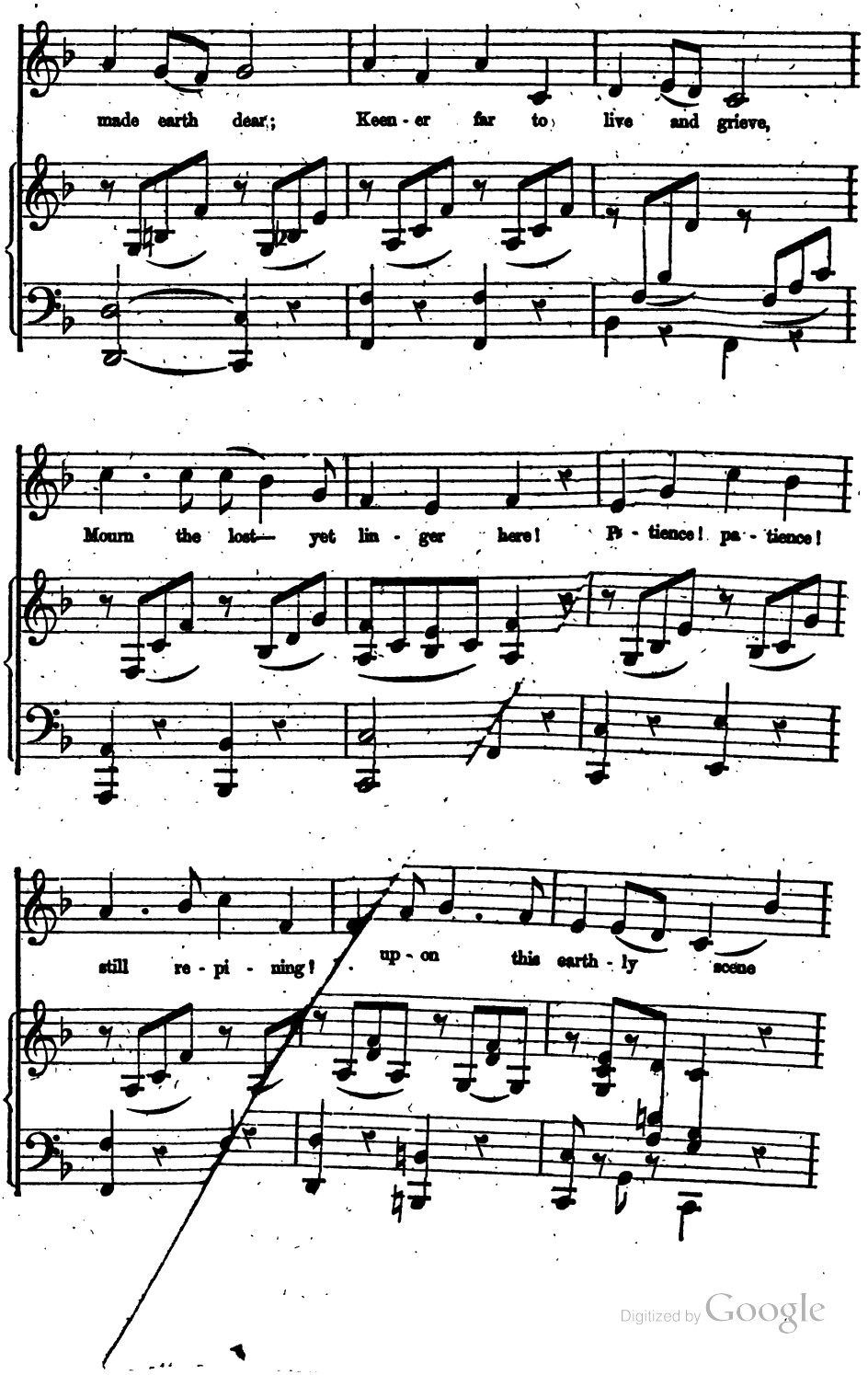

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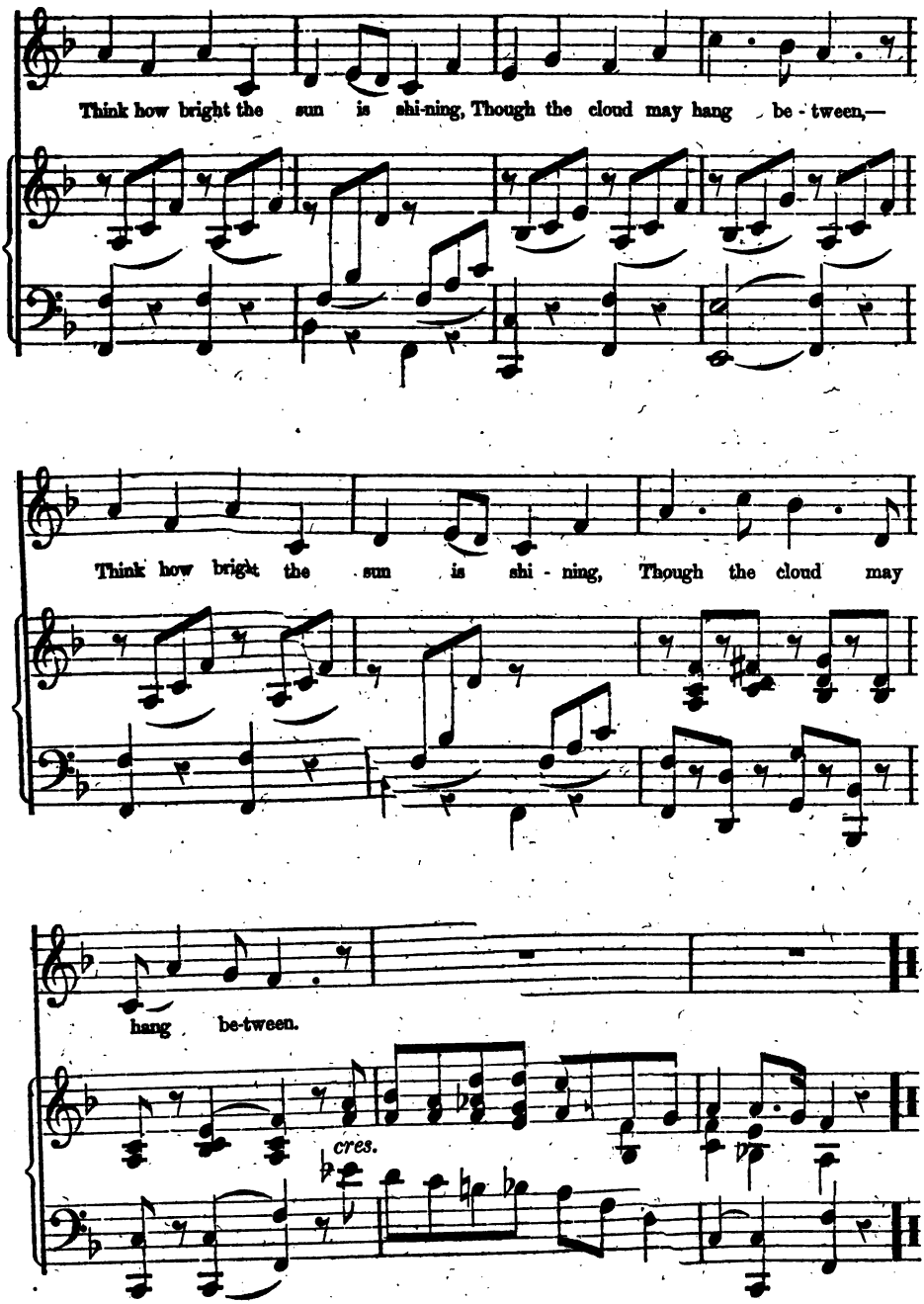

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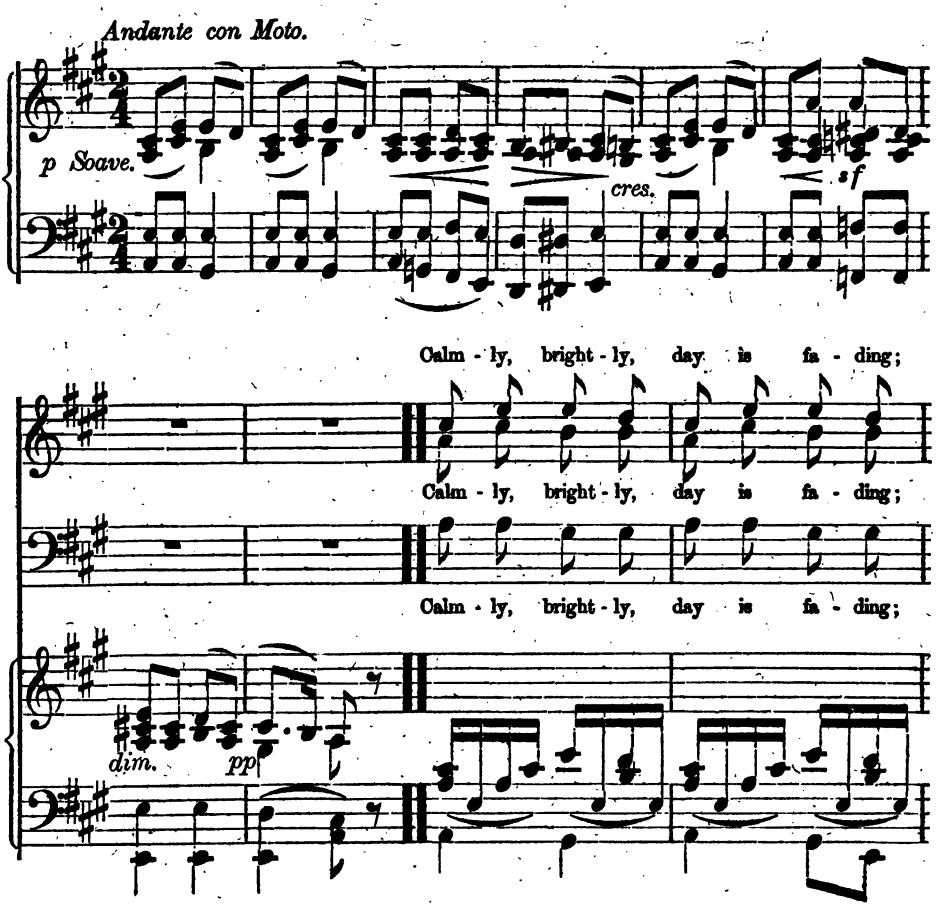
"Calmly, Brightly, Day is Fading."

"It was a perfectly still summer's night—no fluttering leaves; the air was absolutely still. The moon and stars shone calmly on, in their purity and steadfastness . . . She felt his tears upon her cheek, and put up her hand to his face to wipe them away; kissed him then, and then once again laid her head on his breast . . . There was a long silence—Alice was gone! but the departing spirit, as it fled, had left a ray of brightness on its earthly home."—*Chapter XLII.*

Written by W. H. Bellamy. **The Music by C. W. Glover.**



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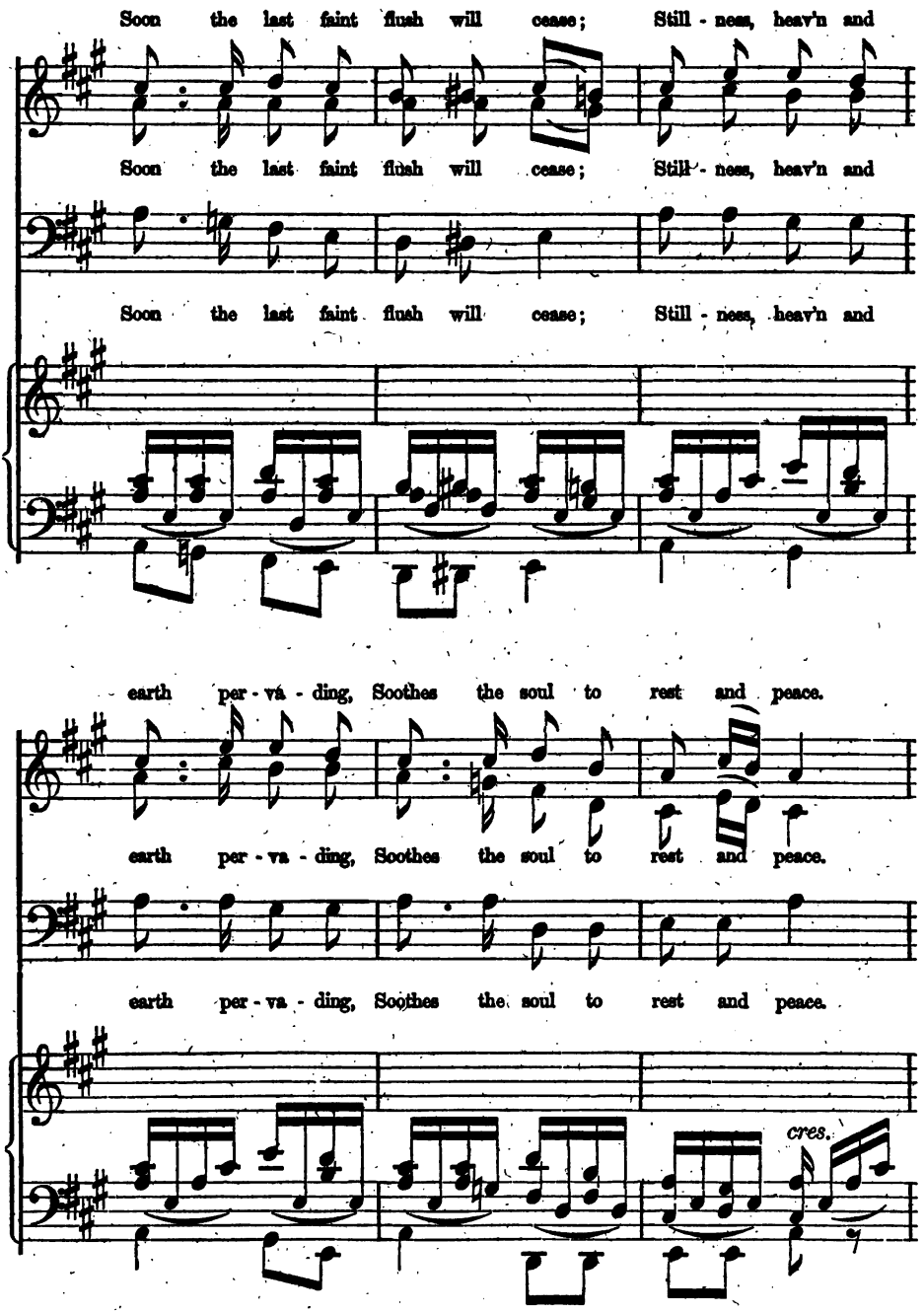

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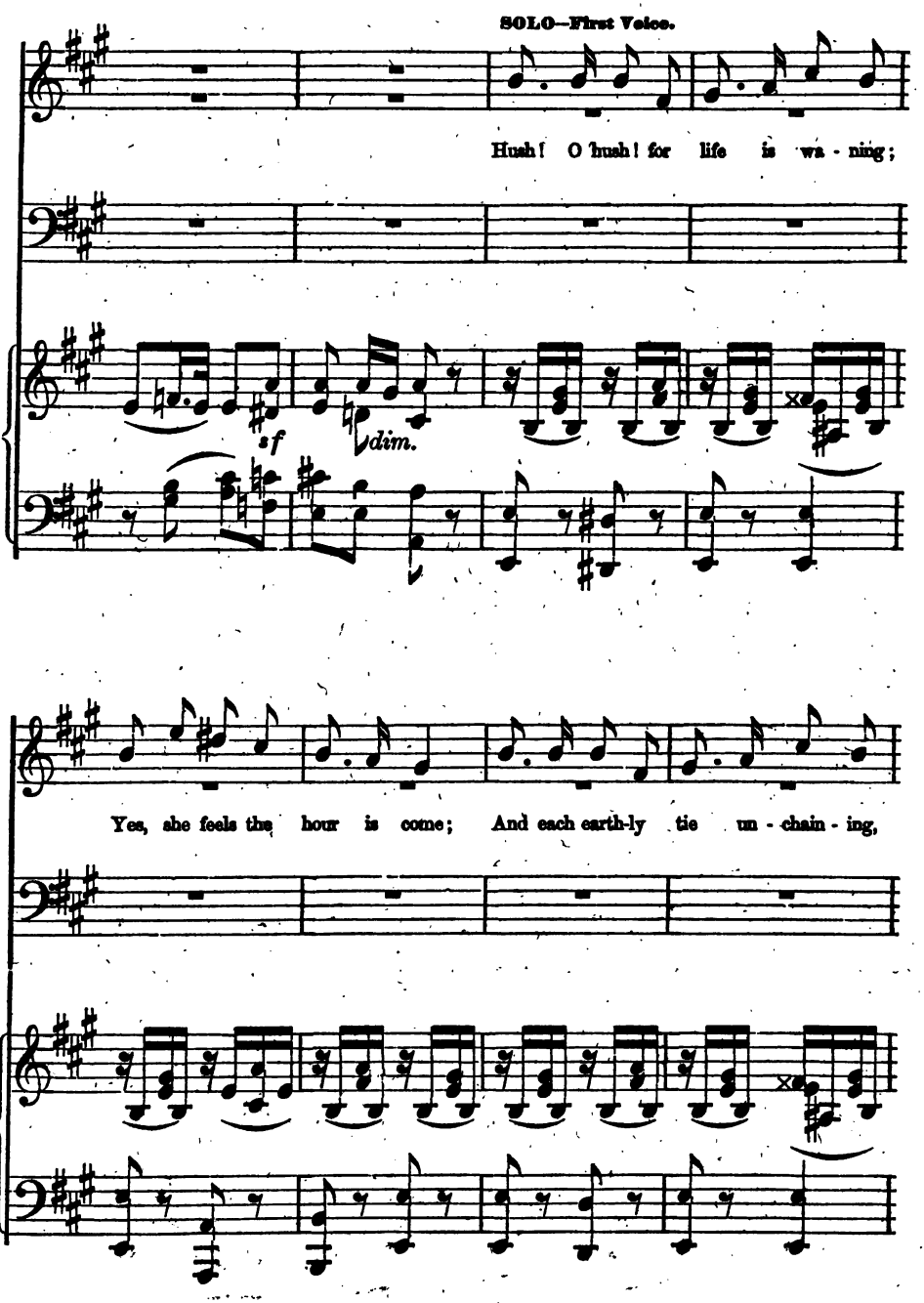

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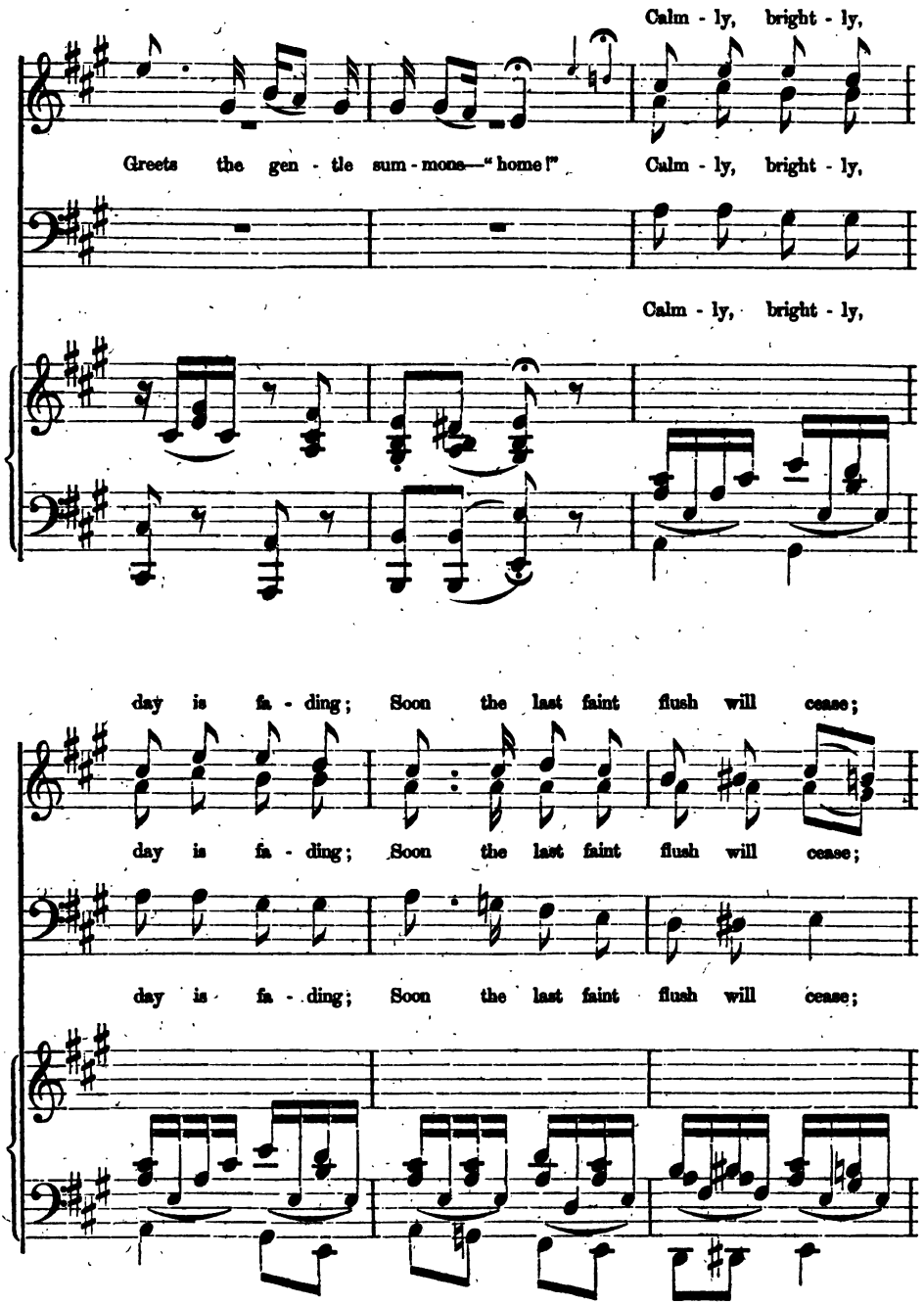

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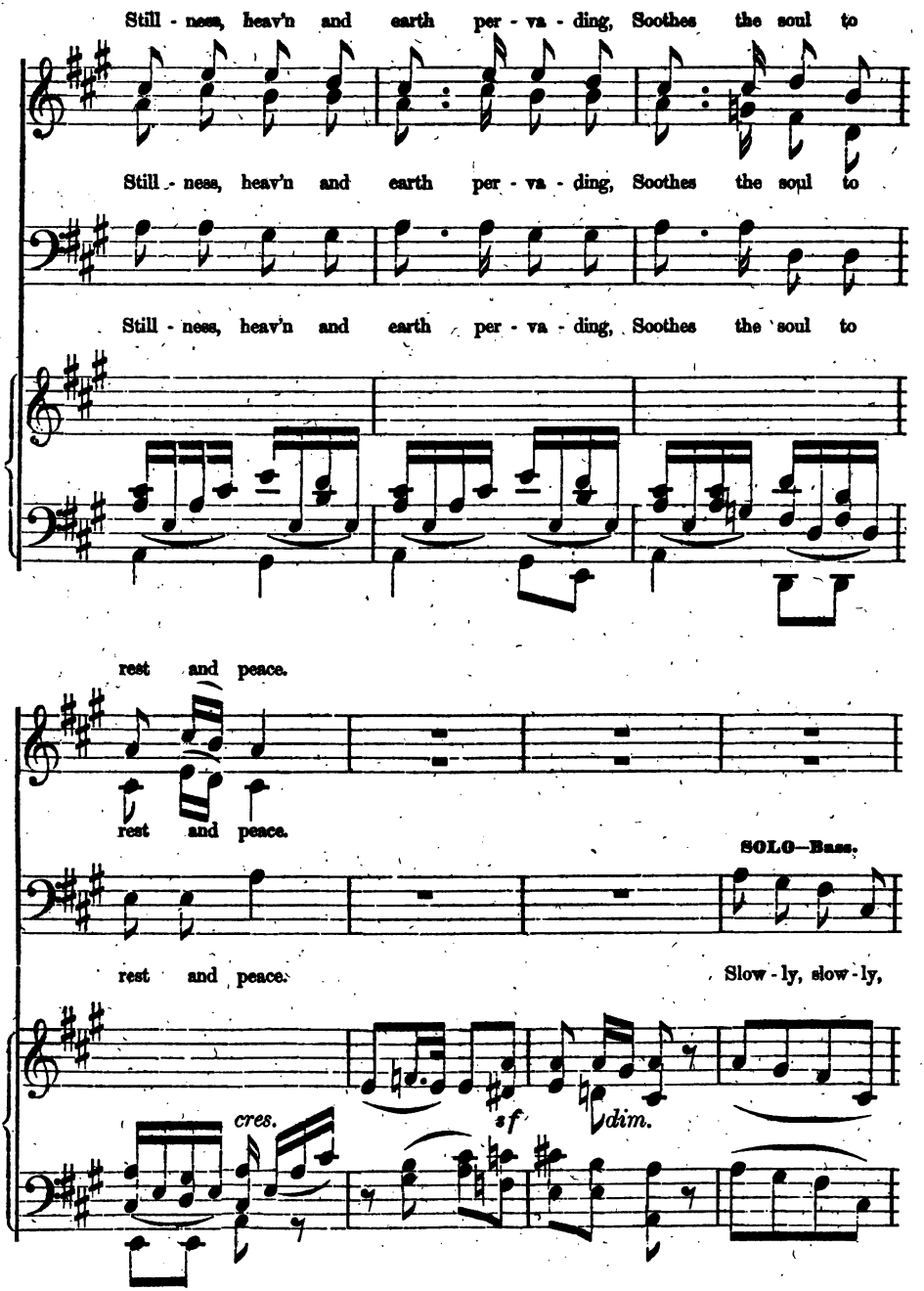

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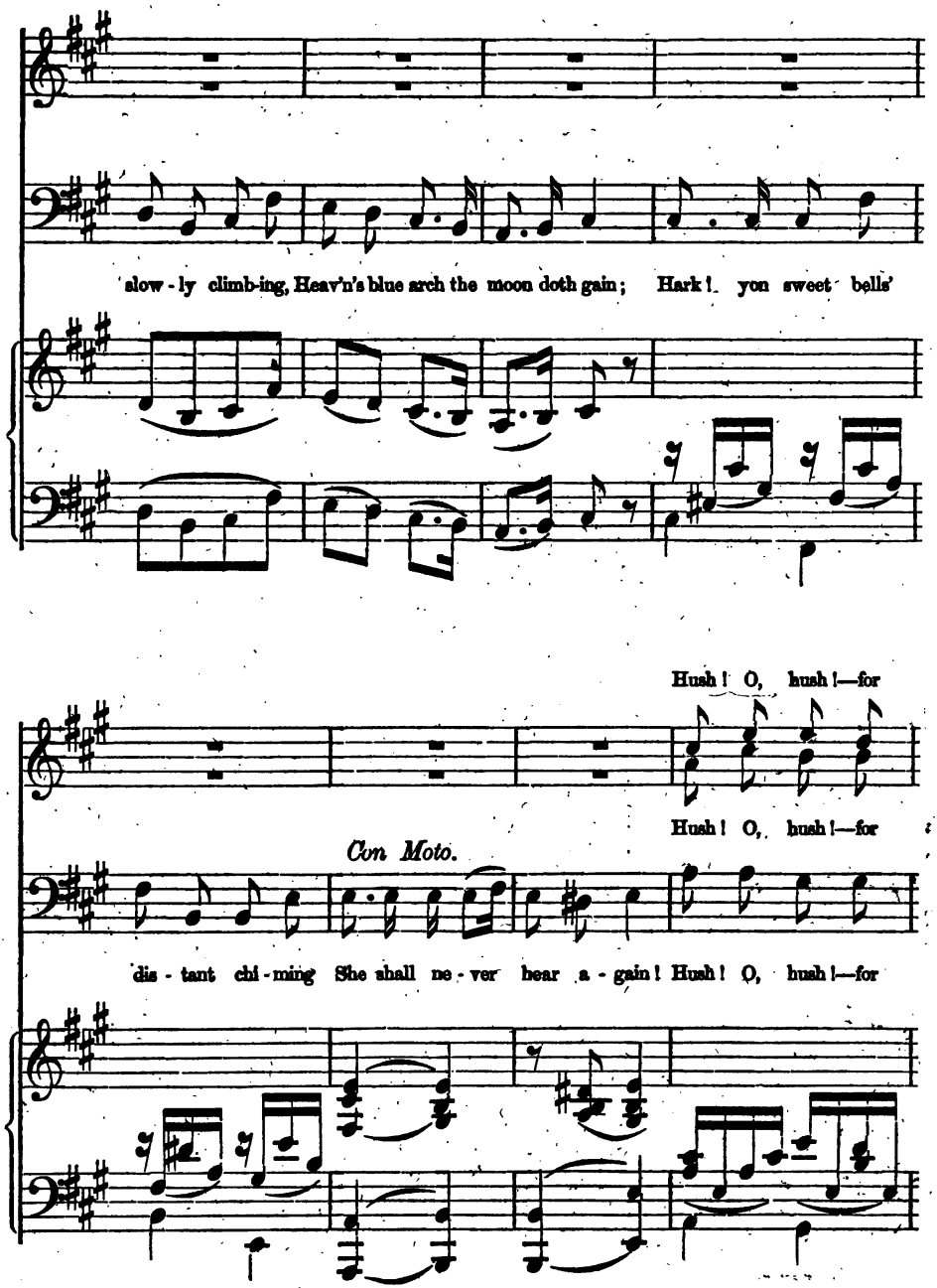

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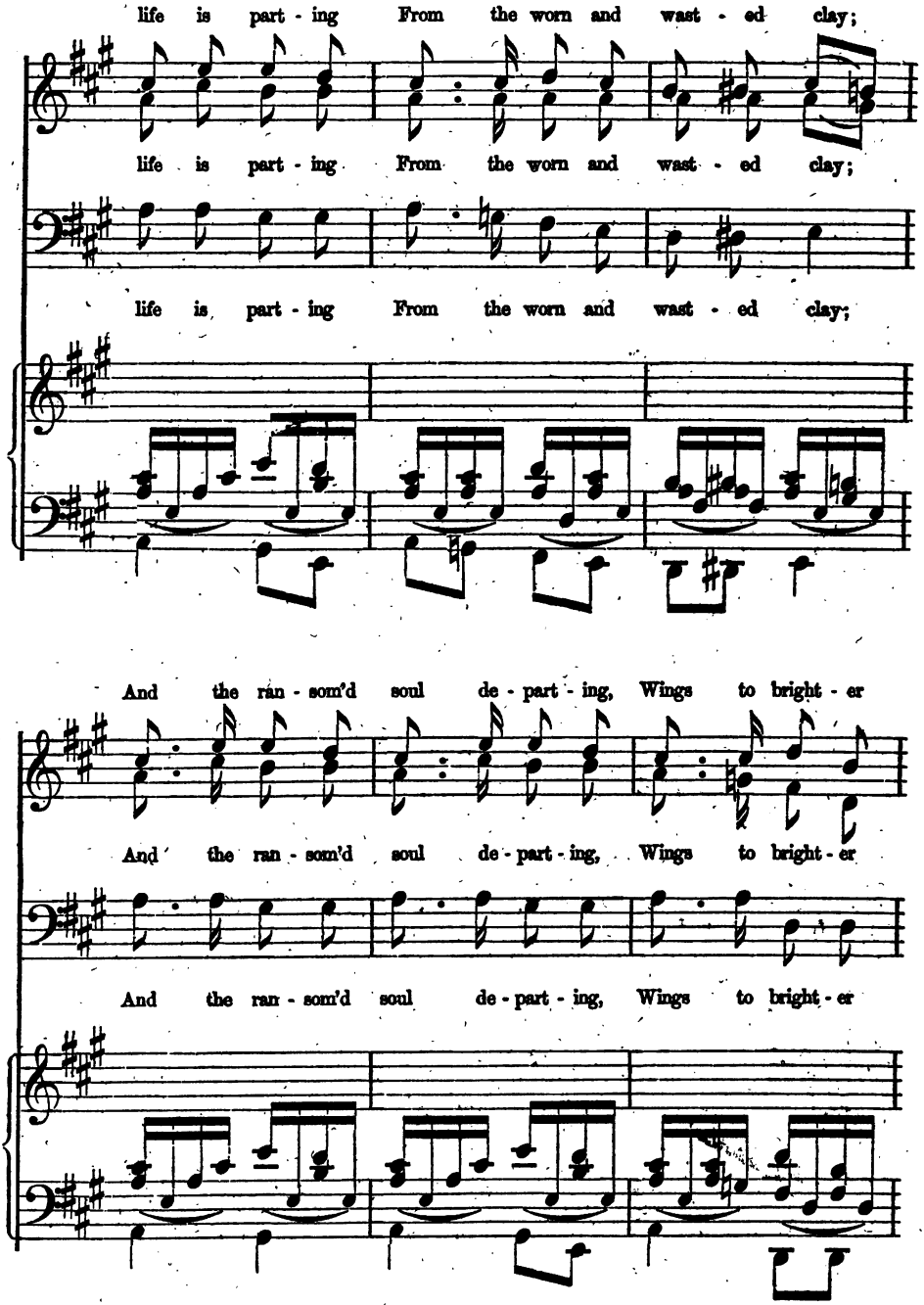

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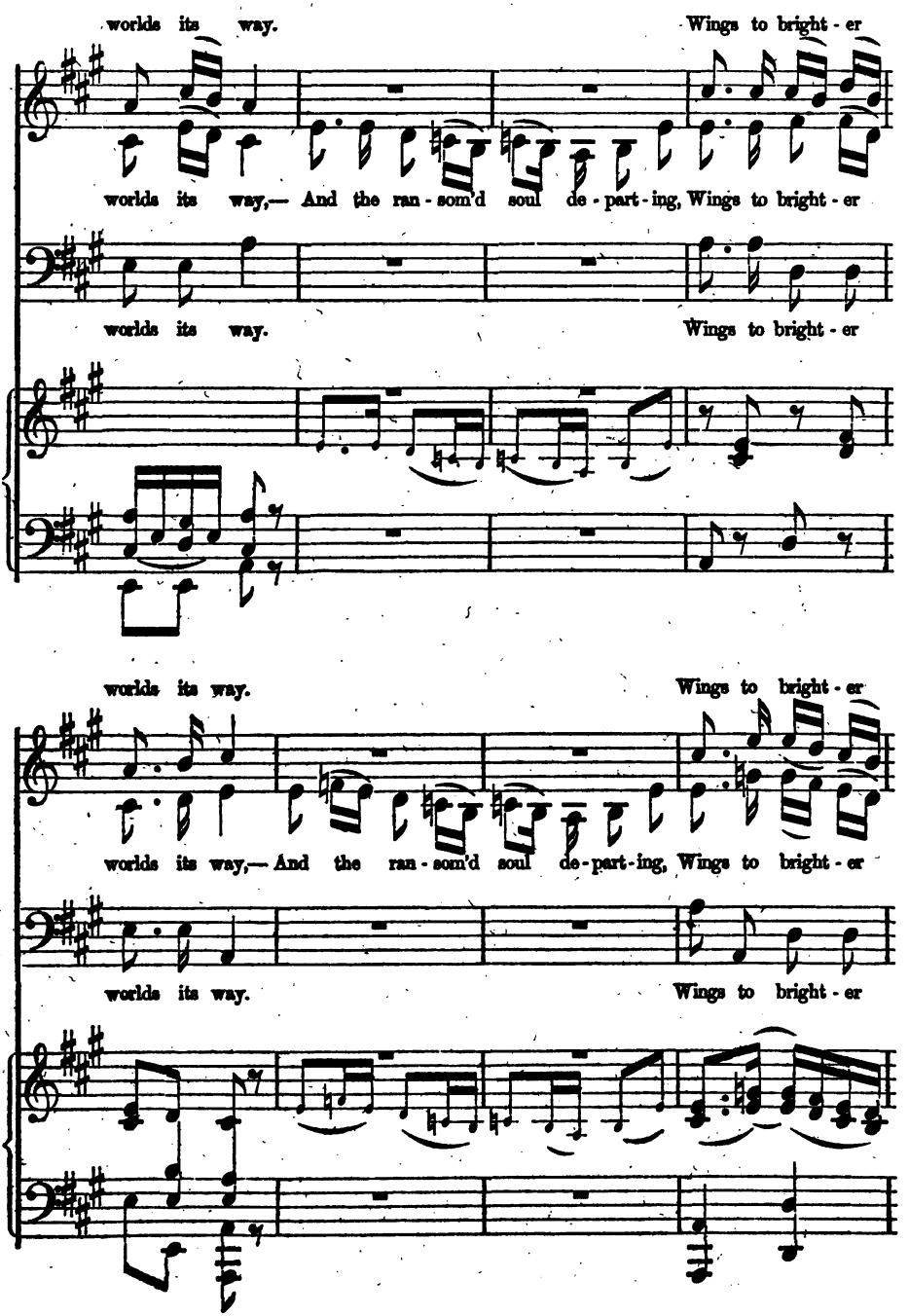

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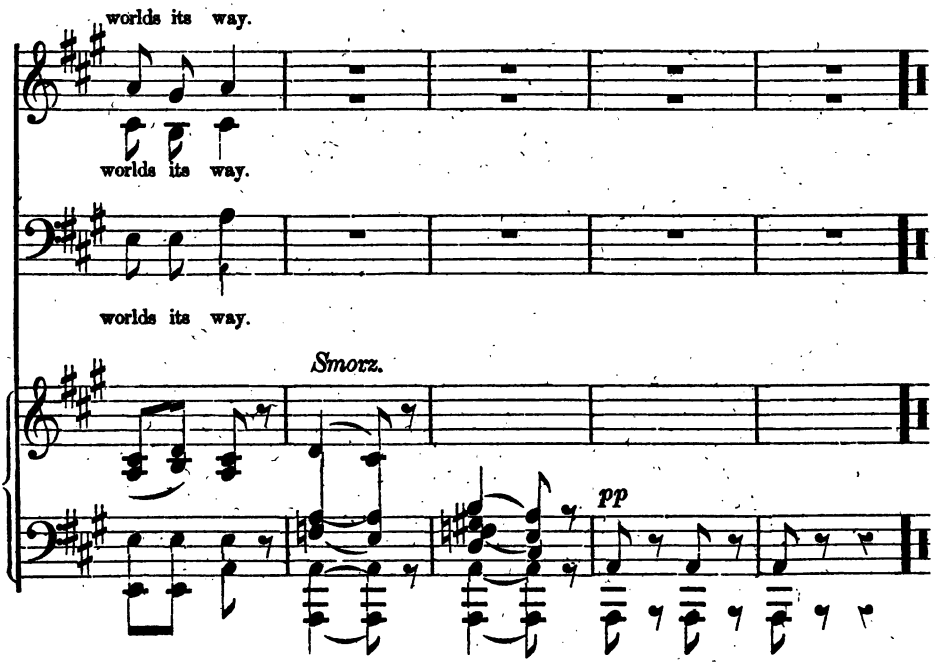

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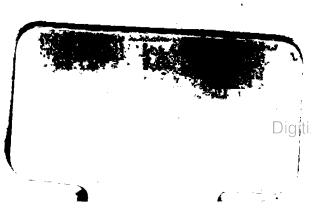

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